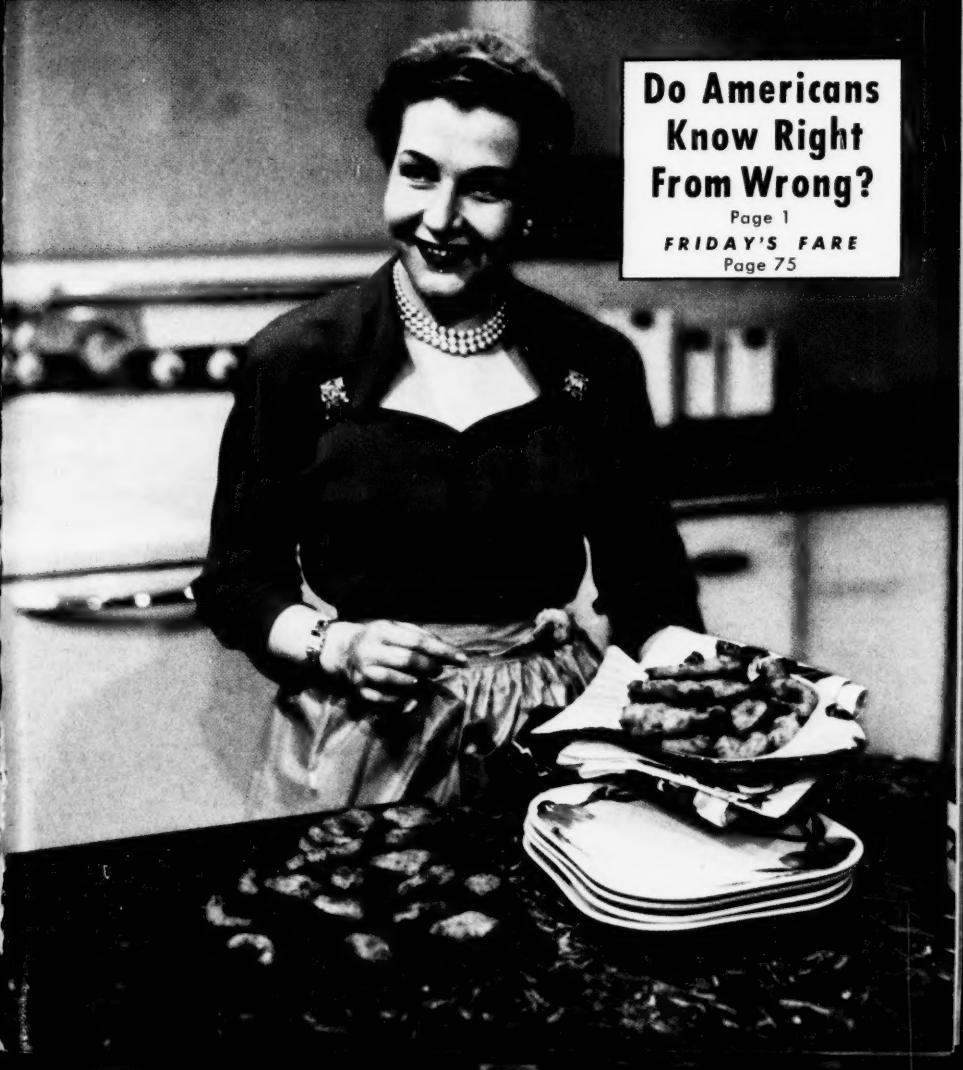


Catholic Digest

MARCH 1952

25¢



Do Americans
Know Right
From Wrong?

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The World Before Your Eyes

Do Americans Know *Right from Wrong?*

In the U.S. today, honesty is becoming only a policy

By RAYMOND BERNARD, S.J.

AGREAT furor was created by the newspapers, magazines, radio and television over expulsion of the West Point cribbers last Aug. 3.

The first wave of reaction even in the sport pages was one of astonishment and shock. How could such conduct be possible in an institution with such honorable traditions? The punishment of the cadets seemed, at that stage, reasonable.

Then observers and cartoonists began to point out that you could hardly blame the 90 young cadets. All about them in public life were far more prominent figures involved in far more scandalous situations. The cadets seemed to the cartoonists to deserve excuse simply because crookedness was widespread.

But when the nation balanced up all the smelly revelations from college sports, business deals, and politics, union abuses, perjuries in high and low places, and finally the Kefauver disclosures of corruption, it suffered a deep shock. Senator Tobey wept for the television cameras.

Then the public began to realize that things had been piling up for some time. Crime rackets evidently had been growing steadily since the days of Long, Sinclair, and Fall. All along there had been investigations of queer deals. Former representatives from Ohio and New Jersey had been convicted of dishonesty.

Investigations had disclosed that congressmen and party officials had given aid through loans and contracts to relatives and constituents.

Federal government employees had been convicted of peddling secrets to communists. Juvenile delinquency and narcotic addiction had been increasing. One magazine summed it all up: "Cheating, an effort to get around rules, shows signs of becoming a national pastime, extending from politics to colleges. The dominant idea seems to be that anything goes if you can get away with it."

One professor at an eastern university predicted that the shock of such wholesale revelations would provide "moral healing" for the American mind. Various leaders proposed more investigations, even a study of American conduct in government. Senator Byrd suggested new laws to fence in political-influence deals. But whether the shock would bring moral healing to the American mind was still an open question.

In the 2nd World War the government discovered more than a million violations of rulings and laws on prices and supplies. More than 200,000 American businessmen were punished for black-market activities. These figures represent only those who failed to "get away with it." The successful black-marketeers were probably far more numerous.

Can the public fail to see that gambling has the proportions of a national pastime? Nevada, for instance, estimated that her gamblers in 1949 grossed \$41 million. Gambling syndicates cover the nation,

according to the Kefauver testimony.

Slot machines gross an estimated \$540,352,000 annually. Some opposition to organized slot-machine operation has arisen, but it is because it takes money from particular communities, not because it undermines the integrity of public officials and helps finance gangsters and underworld operations.

If such criminality, lawbreaking, and apathy do not bring about "moral healing," by shock treatment, the public should then look into still another practice—one which all civilized peoples have for centuries regarded as immoral.

Only in 1916 was the first American birth-control clinic opened by Mrs. Margaret Sanger in Brooklyn. The movement claims steady "progress" since that time. By 1936, says its director of public information, the value of birth control as a health "service" was "generally" recognized by the medical profession; by all the "principal" religious denominations save the Catholic; and by a "host" of civic, educational, and professional organizations. North and South Carolina, Virginia, Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida, the bulk of a conservative, religious area, incorporated birth control into their health services by 1938. A movie for world consumption is now being planned in Hollywood to portray the "humanitarian career" of Mrs. Sanger.

Quite clearly connected with birth

control is the enormous traffic in contraceptives. This business as early as 1938 reached an astounding volume of \$250 million and is estimated now, 13 years later, at \$1 billion. Today the birth-control sponsors claim 550 clinics in 38 states, half of them maintained by public health departments mostly in the Southern states. Some 60 hospitals have birth-control clinics.

Birth control spreads as steadily as the Black Death. An Indianapolis survey made in 1941 revealed that in a selected number of Protestant native white couples about 90% used contraception regularly. They belonged to the "more favored classes," the higher social-economic groups which presumably should receive better education and have more conservative traditions.

After such disclosures, the American public should hardly be surprised that 90% of those who have abortions are married, or that the number of illegitimate births increased from seven per 1,000 unmarried women in 1938 to 12 in 1947. It should not astonish the informed public to hear that the American divorce rate has risen to six times what it was 80 years ago, and that with the possible exception of Egypt no country in the world has a higher divorce rate.

What does it all add up to? The Senate Crime Investigating committee's final report exposed "widespread national and local crime conditions." Its study of large and small

cities showed that the same pattern of crime conditions found in the large cities exists in Main Streets throughout America. But popular alarm concerns itself only with the great extent of organized crime. The Kefauver group's final report concerns itself hardly at all with conscience and morality.

But a subcommittee was assigned last spring to look into the ethics and moral standards prevailing in the operation of the national government. "No group in society is in a position to point the finger of scorn at others," it said. "Gifts, improper pressure, and bribes come from outside the government, from individuals, from organizations, and from groups which are part of what we call 'the public.'" Elsewhere the statement said, "The moral standards of the country, indeed, provide the ethical environment which in turn conditions the behavior of public officials."

Both the investigators and the public shy from a deeper question: is it worse to have organized crime than the moral laxity and apathy which allows criminals to organize? Are our crime conditions tolerable as long as they attract no public notice? Are we shocked only by mere bigness in crime?

Behind the cries of alarm and shock, perhaps there lies plain now this greater, more awesome shock: the American people do not really know any more what is right and what is wrong.

A Boxer, a Bishop, and a Kid

The news photo needed a new cutline

By ROGER L. TREAT

Condensed from *Bishop Sheil and the CYO**

WOULD like to tell you about a news picture that stands out in my mind. It is the picture of a boxer, a bishop, and a kid.

The boxer is Tony Zale, former middleweight boxing champion. The bishop is Bernard Sheil of Chicago. The kid is Warren Simon of 6048 Princeton Ave., Chicago.

To get the background of the picture we have to go to Pat Cleary, who is physical instructor and boxing coach at the CYO. And you have to know about the CYO physical training classes.

"The kids come in," Pat tells you, "and they want to put on a pair of gloves right away and jump into a ring. We don't let them. We build them up first and train them. We tell them that if they take care of their bodies, their bodies will take care of them. We give them a little confidence and pride in their accomplishment. Then we let them put on a pair of gloves and start

punching into the other fellow's glove till they know how to throw a punch. Then we let them do their first boxing, wearing headguards and every protection.

"When we're finished—maybe they're not champions, maybe they are not boxers at all, but they are fit and prepared to go out and get into whatever sport they like. And they've learned a lot of other things as well: like discipline, how training helps you to do whatever you want to do, and how to get along with other people—and no kid is ever refused."

Pat will tell you about the boy in the picture.

Warren Simon, like thousands of other boys, wanted to be a CYO boxer. But it seemed a pretty futile wish. For Warren was a spastic paralytic. His muscular condition caused a serious lack of ordinary coordination which made any sport impossible for him. He was 14 when

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his father brought him down to the CYO gym. The kid looked up at Pat and said, "I'd like to fight and play baseball." His father put his hand gently on the boy's hand, and smiled sadly as he asked, "Do you think you could help him any?"

Pat took the boy by the hand and started to help. There were weeks of just "heel, toe . . . heel, toe . . . heel, toe," and the kid could walk with some poise.

Simple calisthenics, guided movements, slow pulley tugging, rowing-machine exercises, and gentle tumbling practices carried out faithfully, day after day, at first seemed to effect little improvement.

Then the small signs began to appear. First, the ability to pick up a ball without losing his balance. Then the sleepy awakening of reflexes, revealed when the boy would almost catch a ball thrown unex-

pectedly at him. Then the lad walking firmly and with control across the floor.

"It's funny," said Pat Cleary, "you'd never think the sight of a boy just walking across a gym full of boxers could be so grand."

Never once did the boy hear the word *handicapped* at the CYO. Now he never will.

That picture I was talking about was taken as publicity for a newspaper story which began:

"Tony Zale, former middleweight boxing champion, was appointed today to the boxing staff of the CYO by Bishop Bernard J. Sheil."

But the reporters missed the real story. For the other boxer shown swapping blows with Tony Zale was the same Warren Simon who had come down to the CYO gym just over a year before as a spastic paralytic.



Sound Heart

A YOUNG college student was obliged to walk with crutches. He was a stumbling, homely kind of person, but he was a genius for intelligence, friendliness, and optimism.

This crippled young man won many scholastic honors in college. His friends considerably refrained from questioning him about his deformity. But one day his pal made bold to ask the fateful question.

"Infantile paralysis," was the brief answer.

"Then tell me something. With a misfortune like that, how can you face the world so confidently, without bitterness?"

The young man's eyes smiled. He tapped his chest. "Oh," he replied, "you see, it never touched my heart."

The *Calumet* quoted in *Sunshine* (Nov. '51).

The Making of a Jet Pilot

Only six out of 100 finish the course

By DONALD ROBINSON

Condensed from *Cosmopolitan**

AVIATION CADET ROBERT GORDON of the U.S. Air Force, a slim youngster with a face full of freckles, was speeding along 18,000 feet above the Arizona desert in a jet fighter plane. Another plane shot out of the clouds, directly at him.

"Here goes everything," Cadet Gordon said to himself, and yanked the stick all the way back. His F-80 jet practically stood on end. It shuddered all over, and the wings zinged like piano strings. The blood drained out of Gordon's head.

Gordon didn't quite black out, though. He wouldn't let himself, and he wouldn't let his plane go into a spin. He kept control, and made it literally leap upward, out of the path of the other plane.

He then continued calmly on his flight. The manner in which Gordon handled the emergency counted heavily toward his success in completing his course.

It's no easy task to train men to fly 650-mph jet fighters, the fastest, trickiest planes in the world, under any conditions. They fly through snow, ice, and fog. They roar along

45,000 feet up where the air is so thin that they cannot breathe unassisted. They skim the ground at 20 feet, where enemy fire is so thick that it literally makes a sieve of a plane's fuselage.

The jet fighter pilot flies alone. He has to be his own co-pilot, navigator, radar operator, and bombardier.

Yet, in a year, the Air Force can take a boy who has never touched a plane and make a qualified jet-fighter pilot of him. Its system is well nigh foolproof. Ruthlessly, it weeds out the weak sisters and carefully builds up the boys who really have the stuff. And those boys must want to be jet-fighter pilots more than they want anything else on earth.

A little while ago, Bob Gordon, of San Francisco, was a student on the Stanford university campus. He enjoyed football games and dancing with pretty coeds. One thing distinguished him from his classmates: his love for flying.

As a kid, Bob had flown kites in his back yard. In his early teens, he used to hang around a local air-

port and hitch rides with friendly pilots. He never missed a movie that had an airplane in it.

Bob was too young for service in the 2nd World War. At the time of Pearl Harbor, he was 13. But Bob's brother, a P-51 pilot, was shot down over Germany in February, 1945. That decided Bob. The day he was graduated from Stanford, in June, 1950, he applied for aviation-cadet training. His family hated the idea, but didn't try to stop him.

To qualify, a boy has to be between 20 and 26½ years of age, between 5'4" and 6'4", between 135 and 180 pounds, and have completed two years of college. That is merely the beginning.

Bob had to sweat out the aviation-cadet qualification test. This is a five-hour-long grilling on everything from geography to physics, from economics to aviation. He had to pass the stiffest physical examination known to medicine. He had to satisfy a psychologist that he had the right temperament, that nowhere in his subconsciousness was there any lurking fear of flying. Knees shaking, he had to go before a special border of investigators and prove that he was "pilot material." Only 40 applicants out of every 100 make the grade.

The worst was the interview by the board. Three Air Force officers, looking very stern, were seated behind a long table. Bob stood before them, shifting from one foot to the

other, while the trio studied his records.

"All right, Mr. Gordon," one officer said at last, "what makes you think you'd be a good pilot?"

That was the one question he wasn't prepared for. For a moment, he couldn't find a thing to say. Finally, he declared breathlessly, "Flying is the only thing I care about. I couldn't be happy doing anything else."

His questioner wasn't impressed. "That doesn't say you'd make a good pilot."

Bob turned red. He began to loathe the three men. "Listen," he burst out, "I can fly any plane there is. I know I can. Give me a chance, and I'll fly it right to the moon for you!"

Two of the men smiled. The officer who had been questioning him didn't. He snapped, "That will be all, Gordon."

Bob felt positive he'd been rejected. Weeks went by without any word, and he became miserable. Then, at the end of August, he received a telegram telling him to report for basic training at Randolph Field, San Antonio. He was so happy he made a special trip to church to give thanks.

It was nine months, however, before he touched a jet fighter. First, he had to get through "basic."

He worked from 5:15 A.M. to 10 P.M. Close-order drill until he could march as snappily as a West Pointer. Twenty-mile hikes under the

broiling Texas sun, and endless sessions of physical training. Classroom work and all-night "boning" until he had the fundamentals of engineering, navigation, communications, and weather forecasting down pat. And flying.

He had no trouble soloing. Within three weeks, he flew the little T-6 trainer by himself. Thus he won the traditional right to stand in the cadet mess and crow at the top of his lungs, "I, Aviation Cadet Gordon, did, on this day, solo in a great iron bird, alone and unassisted, around the perimeter of this huge air base."

But the following long hours spent in the air were hard for him. There was so much to learn in so short a time, and always the fear that if he fell behind he would be "washed out."

This grind continued for six months. At the end of it, cadets who measured up were graduated. Of each 40 cadets who entered, only 25 finished basic training.

Bob got through basic all right, but that didn't guarantee his admission to the jet-fighter course. Some youngsters who complete basic are trained on bombers. Others are taught to fly propeller-driven fighter craft. Only those cadets who are ultra-alert mentally and completely self-reliant, who have split-second reflexes and vast "G-tolerance" (ability to withstand the pull of gravity) are picked for the jets.

Cadets who wish to be jet-fighter

pilots must volunteer. The Air Force selects those it considers "the jet-fighter type." Finally the list was posted, and Bob was on it. One-fourth of the men who graduated from basic training with him were selected for the jets, or seven of that 100 who first applied.

Bob and the others were ordered to Williams Air Force base, Chandler, Ariz. Willy Air Patch is a pleasant-looking post, with clean white barracks, luxurious cadet club, swimming pools, and colorful flowers. The cadets sleep well, two to a room, and they eat well, roast beef, steak and chops. There is no drilling, marching, nor hazing.

Yet you rarely see a smile on a cadet's face. The boys look smart and dashing in their stiff-creased khaki uniforms with the blue epaulets that identify them as cadets. But their faces are taut.

Bob got his first dose of this strain the morning after he reported in. He got it from Col. Leon Gray. The colonel is a burly ex-pugilist, with a broken nose and short-cropped hair, who is in charge of the training program.

"If you meatheads want to get through here," he barked at the new cadets, "you've got to talk and eat and sleep and dream of only one thing: being a jet-fighter pilot."

At Williams, the Air Force has assembled its best jet pilots to act as instructors, 250 of them for 400 cadets. The instructors are men like stocky Col. James Mayden, the af-

fable commanding officer, whose fighter group did more than any other Air Force unit to turn back the nazis in the Battle of the Bulge. These men are very tough on the cadets. Two poor flights in a row and a cadet is through.

Bob did not fly a jet at once. Williams insists that the cadets first demonstrate their air skill in an advanced trainer. Bob put in three months flying in the T-28 before he went near a jet.

The jet is capricious. It can go into a spin at the blink of an eye. Its fire can snuff out, leaving the pilot helpless, or the fire can spread and make a smoking torch of a plane.

No instructor tries to persuade a cadet to fly a jet if he doesn't want to, even though the government may have already spent \$20,000 on his training.

When Bob started, it was in a two-seater jet, the T-33. He didn't

THE FIN SLING

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POWER CLIMB
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3. STAR BOARD ENGINE CUT



4. COMPLETES 1 1/2 TURNS



5. STARTS TO SPIN



USING a jet plane, Janusz Zurakowski, Polish-born British test pilot, has worked out the first new acrobatic stunt to be invented in 20 years.

Late last November, according to *Time* magazine (Dec. 3, 1951), Zurakowski took his Gloster Meteor into a vertical climb. Just before it stalled, Zurakowski cut out his port engine. The plane revolved, like a great pin wheel. Three quarters of the way around, the pilot cut the starboard engine. Momentum kept the Meteor revolving until it completed a turn and a half. He calls this stunt a fin sling.

fly it himself the first time; an instructor handled the controls. The plane zoomed up 35,000 feet in mere moments. They leveled off at 600 mph.

Then the instructor began his acrobatics. He put the plane into a power dive, straight down for 10,000 feet, pulled out, and went into a loop. Bob felt as though his insides were being wrenched out of him. His stomach turned over. But when the instructor called him on the intercom, and asked, "How're you doing?" Bob said, "Fine." It would have counted against him if he had said anything else.

Later, the physical training he'd had paid off as his body became accustomed to the terrible effect gravity exerts at ten-mile-a-minute speeds.

The T-33 was more plane than anything Bob had flown before. It cruised at 400 miles an hour, almost three times as fast as the T-28; it took off and landed much faster, too. It was too much plane for some of the cadets. Plead as they might, their instructors wouldn't let them solo in it.

Bob had some difficulty, too. He found it hard to think ahead of the T-33 at such speeds, to know the exact moment to begin a turn, to straighten out for a landing. But he finally got used to it and soloed all right. He was then switched to a single-seater jet, the F-80, which is even harder to handle.

Bob had thought the pace in basic

was killing, but it was really nothing compared to the Williams grind. He was on the flight line every day in khaki coveralls and blue aerial helmet, carrying his dirty, bulky parachute. Daily, often at night, he flew his F-80 under the critical eye of an instructor. He had to do hour after hour of formation work, flying in units of four, eight, or 16 planes, wing to wing and nose to tail, in such tight groups that one wrong pull at the stick meant a collision.

Instrument flying was one of Bob's worst headaches. For his final exam, he took off in a two-seater jet with his cockpit completely curtained. An instructor went along in the rear seat, ready to seize the controls if necessary. Off they went, at 500 mph, along a prescribed course. Suddenly the instructor raised the canopy over Bob's cockpit.

"Do you see where you are?" he asked.

Bob had miscalculated. Straight ahead was a mountain. In two minutes, they both would have been dead.

Cross-country flying was also something of a problem. Navigation wasn't difficult for Bob, but Williams insists on radio silence during the long flights (to simulate war conditions), and Bob got lonesome. It took a lot of self-control to keep from calling his wing man and striking up a conversation.

Jet men speak a different language from the rest of the Air

Force. A jet is a "blow torch," a "flame thrower," or a "blast furnace." A jet pilot is an "ick Willy" or a "firecan jockey"; a mechanic is a "kerosene tender." Starting the engine is "building a fire," and a smoothly running motor is a "steady boil."

When he had finished basic, Bob had hoped he was through with the "military-school stuff," that he would be treated like an officer. But the discipline at Williams was just as strict.

"This is silly," he protested one day soon after his arrival, when an inspecting officer called him for some "mice" (shreds of lint) on the floor. "We're here to be flyers, not toy soldiers."

"That'll be ten more gigs [demerits] for talking out of turn, Mister."

Bob was allowed off the post only on week ends. He didn't like that either.

The pressure on the cadets grows even more intense as the months roll by. Williams doesn't wash out a boy for each mistake, but it tries to make sure he'll never forget it. While I was there, a cadet nosed over his plane as he was taxiing. He was made to mount a pogo stick and spend the next two hours hopping up and down the flight line. Another cadet landed sloppily, and ruined an expensive tire. He had to stand up before 50 of his classmates and confess publicly how careless he had been.

Bob never drew such a chewing out himself. On several occasions, however, he did have to contribute to the boners' fund, fines assessed against cadets for lesser mistakes.

"You used the wrong radio call," I heard an instructor say to Bob. "That'll be five boners." Red-faced, Bob paid the 50¢.

At the end of the course, the cadets who are still around use the boners' fund for a party.

Sometimes things that are not the cadet's fault go wrong. Williams doesn't penalize him for it, but he watches carefully to see how he reacts to an emergency. The boy who "pushes the panic button" is in trouble, if he survives.

That's what Bob thought of the afternoon his plane caught fire. He was flying his F-80 at 5,000 feet when the fire indicator on the dashboard started blinking red, while smoke poured into the cockpit.

"I'd better bail out," he said to himself. But then he thought of the call-down he'd get for not trying to save the plane.

He carefully cut the switches and put the plane into a glide. Then he called the field. "Hello, Williams tower, hello," he said. "This is Baker 3. Fire in the cockpit. Repeat, Fire in the cockpit. Emergency landing. Over."

The man in the tower pressed the signal that cleared the runways. Fire engines, crash trucks, and ambulances raced to the landing field.

"Williams tower to Baker 3," Bob

heard him say. "Come on in. We're ready for you."

Bob could scarcely see for the smoke, but he put the plane down right on the main runway and stepped out safe and sound.

"You did O.K.," his instructor said. Bob felt as proud as a general.

The tension grows tighter and tighter as graduation nears. Some of the cadets crack under it.

Bob did—for a while. With graduation just ahead, he lost his grip. His confidence vanished. He began to do everything wrong.

"Mr. Gordon," his instructor said, "I'm afraid you'll have to take a check ride."

Bob felt as though it were the end of the world. The thought that he might be washed out at this late date made him want to cry.

The next afternoon, Bob went up on his check ride. As he taxied down the air strip, he made up his mind that he could fly that jet.

I think we can AVOID WAR *if*

our love has depth and breadth enough to win the good will of men.

Peace begins in the minds and wills of individual souls. War does not have its first cause in conflicting, materialistic demands of nations or false theories of government or defects in diplomacy. It arises in the disordered souls of those men who use nations

There was no trouble after that. He took off with ease, did everything he had to in the air without difficulty, and brought the plane back in perfectly. He got back his confidence.

The "washing machine" is at work at Williams right up to the end. Not until a day or two before graduation can a cadet sit back, grin, and say to himself, "I guess I've done it after all."

Of that original 100 who first applied for cadet training, just six will make the grade as jet fighters. They will be pilots of whom it can be said, "They don't fly their jets; they wear them."

For them, there is a parade, a speech by some military bigwig, and then the two things they've been slaving for. They get a rolled-up piece of parchment designating them as 2nd lieutenants in the U.S. Air Force Reserve, and a pair of silver wings.

and government and diplomacy.

All souls must build their own peace with their own good will and the grace of God. There is only one way of winning a soul's good will: with love, the love which can flow through us to others from the eternal charity of God.

Margaret Collins.

- - [For similar contributions of about 100 words filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]

A Doctor Studies Crucifixion

The immediate cause of death in the ancient punishment was asphyxia

By R. W. HYNEK

Condensed from *The True Likeness**

I was making extensive examinations of the photograph of the Shroud of Turin, said to be our Lord's winding sheet. At the time, 1928, I was trying to establish the immediate cause of death in crucifixion as the punishment was imposed in ancient times.

About this time, the papers ran a sensational announcement. It said that Zenkl, a fakir, would consent to be nailed to a cross for 80 hours.

I had not thought much about the matter before Zenkl showed up in my consulting room in Prague. He wanted to interest me in his performance. He showed me several long, thin nails, more than three inches long, and $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick. The fakir explained that his assistant would nail his hands to a cross while Zenkl stood on the ground.

From the medical point of view, this would harm very few tissues of his body, although it would keep him from moving. Zenkl's proposal left me cold; it would teach me nothing.

"Do you know what would impress me, as a doctor?" I asked. "Would you allow yourself to be suspended by the hands, nailed to the cross, for only ten minutes? That would mean that the whole weight of your body would be hanging on your hands. I believe this was the real method of crucifixion in the days when it was practiced."

Zenkl abruptly took his leave. And as far as I know, his performance, which would have shocked the religious feelings of many persons, never took place.

In my studies of crucifixion, I had learned that it was imposed in very ancient times by the kings of the Assyrians, Medes, and Persians. The Greeks did not make use of the cross in their own country, but Alexander the Great had 2,000 inhabitants of Tyre crucified after he had taken the town.

The Romans learned the frightful form of death from the people of Carthage, in Africa. In wartime, the Romans crucified deserters and

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rebels. After the rebellion of the gladiators under Spartacus in 71 B.C., the Roman consul, Marcus Licinius Crassus, had 6,000 prisoners crucified. They were put on crosses planted along the Via Appia, from Capua to Rome. Up to the reign of Nero, who died in 68 A.D., it was usual to crucify all the slaves of a household, if one of them had killed his master and could not be caught and punished.

The early form of the cross among the Romans was forked; the victim was suspended or nailed by the hands to the forked branches of a tree. In later times, the cross was made by crossing two notched beams.

The hands of the condemned man were fastened to the crossbeam the moment the sentence was passed. He was then led or driven through the streets with a rope tied round the waist. When he reached the place of execution, his feet, too, were nailed and the cross was then erected.

This was the normal method of crucifixion. The executioners, who had in their lifetime to crucify hundreds of men, were expert. Local custom or brutality sometimes caused soldiers to attach their wretched victims to the cross in different positions. But the end was always the same. Even on the extremely rare occasions when the victims were pardoned and taken down from the cross, they died soon afterwards.

The torture often revolted even the executioners, who would cut it short by piercing the victim through the heart or by breaking his legs. Sometimes they killed him with a blow over the heart or by lighting fires round the cross so that the smoke would choke the slowly dying man. This method was used so often to hasten the end of crucified Christians, that they were nicknamed *sarmenticos*, a word derived from *sarmentum* (brushwood).

When the victim was of some importance and the authorities wished to make a special example of him, the cross used was very high. But as a rule, the Roman cross was low, and the feet of those crucified were only about a yard from the ground. The corpses of slaves were left on the crosses to be devoured by birds or beasts of prey.

Roman law called crucifixion the most severe of punishments. Roman authors spoke of it with horror. Cicero, who was not particularly squeamish, was revolted by it. He did not wish the cross even to be named among Romans. Lactantius thought that even for criminals the punishment was excessive.

In spite of the appalling pain of crucifixion, none of the vital organs was directly affected. What was the immediate cause of death?

Some conjectures were strange. Eusebius, the Church historian, suggested hunger, which is obviously wrong. Others have suggested

the extreme thirst from which the victims suffered. The thirst caused victims indescribable torture, as they hung writhing in high fever for as long as eight days. Fever alone, even to a high degree, could not be the immediate cause of death. Yet another theory suggested that the cause of death was the exhaustion, and extreme fatigue brought on by intense pain.

Another common theory is loss of blood. The body of a grown man contains more than five quarts of blood. That is 7% of his weight. He can lose almost half that amount and live. We can calculate that while on a cross a victim would not lose that much, probably under half a pint. (We cannot, it is true, estimate the amount that our Lord lost in His scourging, before He was crucified.)

I witnessed instances of extreme blood loss during the 1st World War. While at the large hospital at Karlin, where I worked on many cases of severe bleeding from the main arteries of the neck, thighs, and armpits, men lost almost half their blood supply, and lived. At Kolomyj, I saw a Hungarian soldier who had survived the loss of three quarts of blood. Now the wounds of crucifixion do not cause nearly such a loss of blood. I consider it out of the question that victims ordinarily bled to death on the cross.

My short talk with the fakir, Zenkl, suggested another idea. Cru-

cifixion, I reasoned, involved the forced immobilization of the body. In a short time, the arm muscles became stretched to their limit. The stretching would end in spasms and cramps.

The very maximum irritation of a muscle is reached in a condition called *tetanization*. You will recognize that this word is similar to a better known one, *tetanus*. We usually think of tetanus in connection with lockjaw. Fatal illness can develop from a tetanic infection of wounds. The bacillus attacks the central nerves. The muscles are irritated into continuous spasms, to a point where the sufferer, remaining fully conscious, becomes almost demented with pain. All the muscles of the trunk and limbs are contracted until the body, in the form of a semicircle, rests on the heels and neck.

This is very much like what took place in the case of those suffering on the cross. Their arm muscles were contracted in an extremely exhausting manner, which gave rise to spasms that affected the arms, the shoulders, and the muscles of the back, as well as the thighs and the legs. As a result, the circulation of the blood was greatly impeded and breathing became very difficult. This in turn gave rise to fresh and increasingly violent spasms.

Dr. Ledenyi, of Bratislavia university, has shown that if the arms are stretched out for a long period as in crucifixion the extreme tension

of the diaphragm also impedes breathing and hinders the circulation of the blood. In this position even the liver, that great reservoir of blood, sinks with the sinking of the diaphragm and obstructs circulation. When the blood does not circulate it receives no oxygen from the lungs. Lack of oxygen, asphyxia, would be likely to bring death to the crucified more quickly than anything else.

To support my reasoning that asphyxia was the immediate cause of death in crucifixion I had to find volunteers who would agree to being suspended by the hands. I found them but none was able to endure more than ten minutes of standing on tiptoe with his arms extended. Within ten minutes breathing became superficial, irregular and labored.

Several such experiments were carried out by Professor Babor. He was able, by means of X rays, to give photographic proof of labored breathing and difficult heart action. At the beginning of each experiment the chest and upper abdominal organs were normal. Five minutes later the volunteer would

complain of considerable pain in the muscles and heart. This pain increased so much that his test like mine, could not go on more than ten minutes.

The second X ray, taken after six minutes, showed strongly marked changes in the organs. The diaphragm had sunk by about 1.18 inches, and flattened out: its breathing movements and capacity had greatly deteriorated. Even the shadow of the heart lying over the sunken diaphragm had changed from an almost horizontal to a somewhat sloping position. The right side of the heart had become enlarged, which is a sign of bad circulation.

In other experiments, Professor Babor found that the diaphragm had sunk by as much as $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, a condition which in itself is enough to endanger life. All these experiments demonstrate more clearly than ever the atrociously painful nature of crucifixion, whose sufferings had to be borne, not for ten minutes, but for many hours. Science to this extent corroborates my theory that the cause of death on the cross was asphyxia.

Where Negative Is Positive

THE judge asked the accused man if there was anyone in court who could vouch for his good character.

"Yes, your honor," said the man, "there is the sheriff."

"Why, your honor," said the sheriff, "I don't even know the man."

"Observe, your honor," said the man triumphantly, "observe that I lived in the county for more than 12 years and the sheriff doesn't know me yet! Ain't that a character for you?"



Carl Hubbell of the New York Giants

His screwball mowed down Ruth, Gehrig, and Foxx—in that order

By TOM MEANY

Condensed from

*Baseball's Greatest Pitchers**

CARL HUBBELL, who had won 23 games in the 1933 season and two more in the World Series, was the starting pitcher for the Nationals in the All-Star game in 1934.

Hub listened respectfully to Manager Bill Terry's instructions. He tried to keep his first pitch away from Charley Gehringer, as he had been told by Terry, but it was belted into center for a clean single. Wally Berger fumbled the ball, and Charley raced to second. The game was exactly one pitch old, and the Americans already had a man in scoring position.

Still pitching cautiously, as Terry had warned him, Hubbell walked Heinie Manush. With men on first and second and none out, the next three hitters were Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, and Jimmy Foxx. If ever a pitcher was on a spot, Mr. Hubbell was the man.

Catching for the National leaguers was Gabby Hartnett of the Cubs.

He halted the game, removed his mask, and walked toward the pitcher's box.

"Look, Hub," admonished Gabby, "never mind all that junk about being careful and pitching this way or that way. Just throw that 'thing.' It'll get 'em out. It always gets me out!"

"That thing," of course, was Hubbell's screwball. Hub fired three of them at Ruth and the Babe was out of there. Three more took care of Gehrig, and the fact that Manush and Gehringer worked a double steal while Lou fanned bothered no one.

Having fanned Ruth and Gehrig, Hubbell proceeded to close out the inning by striking out Foxx. Then, in the second inning, Hubbell, still throwing "that thing," struck out Al Simmons and Joe Cronin. It was a demonstration of pitching never equaled before or since. Five straight strikeouts is unusual at any time but Hubbell had

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mowed down the flower and power of the whole American league.

A comparison between left-handed Hubbell and right-handed Christy Mathewson is not out of line. Both were pitching heroes of an entire generation of fans, and each used an unorthodox delivery to augment his usual pitching equipment. In Matty's case it was called the fadeaway; in Hub's, it was known as the screwball.

Matty's fadeaway broke in on right-handed batters, whereas the normal right-hander's curve broke out and away from right-handers and in on left-handed hitters. Hubbell's screwball broke in on left-handed batters and out on right-handers. Mathewson's fadeaway behaved like a southpaw's curve ball; Hubbell's screwball, like the curve ball of a right-hander. If this sounds somewhat confusing, remember that thousands of National league batters were more than somewhat confused by these two pitches through the years.

In throwing a curve, a pitcher lets the ball come off the tip of his index finger as he breaks his wrist. In throwing a screwball (or fadeaway), the wrist is broken in toward the body as the ball is released, instead of away from the body. Through the years, Hub threw so many screwballs that the palm of his left hand faces outward when he holds his arms at his sides, whereas in any normal person the palms face inward.

So remarkable was Hubbell's pitching in the 1934 All-Star game that it usually obscures his other great deeds on the mound. In the World Series the fall before, Carl had pitched 20 innings against the Washington Senators without allowing an earned run. He opened the Series by fanning the first three men to face him. He won that game 4 to 2, and won the fourth game 2 to 1 in 11 innings.

Hubbell won 253 games as a Giant, and had five consecutive seasons in which he won better than 20 each year. From 1933 through 1937, the Meal Ticket won 115 games. Those were Hub's glory years, and they were the glory years of the Giants, too. They won three pennants in those five seasons but weren't actual pennant contenders again until 1951.

Two marks the maestro of the screwball left behind him are well known: his $46\frac{1}{3}$ scoreless-inning streak in 1933 and the 16 consecutive games he won in 1936, a string which was still intact when the season ended. He opened the 1937 season with another eight straight wins for a total of 24. But the full streak isn't in the record books because the statisticians refuse to recognize holdover strings.

George McBride, former Washington infielder and a Detroit Tiger coach, told Hub at the Augusta training camp back in 1927 that the screwball pitch would injure his arm.

"I never threw a screwball while I was Detroit property," declared Hubbell, "after McBride had given me that warning. I pitched for the Tigers with Toronto and with Beaumont but without the screwball."

Hubbell did not use it when he first came to the Giants either. He still remembers distinctly the first screwball he threw in the National league.

"We were playing the St. Louis Cardinals, and I was in a jam with men on base and Chick Hafey at bat," explained Carl. "I consider Hafey one of the best right-handed hitters who ever lived, and when the count got to three and one on him, I was plenty worried. Shanty Hogan was catching and he signaled for a fast ball. I threw Chick a screwball and it fooled him. Shanty gave me the fast-ball sign again and I threw another screwball and struck Hafey out."

Hogan encouraged Hubbell in throwing the screwball, and Manager John J. McGraw, who called practically every pitch from the bench, made no objections. Nor, surprisingly enough, any comment. The screwball was, in effect, a secret weapon. Hubbell threw it, Hogan caught it, the batters missed it, and nobody ever mentioned it until some years later.

"McBride wasn't kidding about the screwball being a menace to my arm," said Hubbell. "I had arm trouble as early as 1934, although

I went on to have a couple of my best years after that. After I pitched a game in 1934, my left elbow would swell up at night and still be swollen and stiff the next afternoon. After I warmed up a little, the stiffness would leave and the swelling would go down.

"I had some X rays taken, and they showed I had chips in my elbow, but they were loose and floating around. Later, when I really had arm trouble, the chips were firmly imbedded and my elbow would 'lock' when I tried to throw the ball."

Hubbell's arm trouble in 1934 resulted in a somewhat mediocre season in 1935, mediocre for Hub, that is, yet it forced him to develop his curve ball, which he threw almost exclusively to left-handed batters. By 1936, Hub was able to throw the screwball again; and this, added to his improved curve, made him one of the most effective pitchers in National league history while he was pitching the New York Giants to pennants in 1936 and 1937. In those two years, the Meal Ticket turned in records of 26 won, 6 lost, and 22 won, 8 lost.

The best ball game he ever pitched, Hubbell says, was not his 1929 no-hit, no-run game against Pittsburgh but a one-hitter he pitched against Brooklyn at Ebbets Field on Decoration day, 1940.

"The way I look at it," explained the Meal Ticket, "the best game any pitcher could pitch would be

a game in which he got out every batter who faced him.

"This day in Brooklyn, I was getting the Dodgers out one-two-three. I had 16 in a row when Johnny Hudson came up with one out in the sixth. I had him two strikes and one ball and I tried to waste a pitch, to get it low and outside. Johnny hit it back through the box, a looping line drive just over my head. Our second baseman dove at the ball but he didn't have a chance for it.

"It wasn't too well hit, but it was the only hit Brooklyn got. The next batter hit into a double play, and in the last three innings I got the Dodgers out in order. I faced only 27 men in the whole ball game. It would have been a perfect game except for Hudson."

Hubbell engaged in some terrific duels with Dizzy Dean when that great man was at the height of his spectacular but short career with the Cardinals. Those were "money" games, with both clubs shooting for the pennant, and it is a matter of fact that Hub beat Dean more often than Diz beat him. One of the Meal Ticket's great games against St. Louis was at the Polo Grounds on July 2, 1933, when he beat the Red Birds 1 to 0 in 18 innings without giving up a base on balls.

One of Hubbell's most amazing defeats was administered by the Brooklyn Dodgers before packed Sunday stands at Ebbets Field in 1930. He was beaten in ten innings

by the veteran Dazzy Vance, 1 to 0, which was far from a disgrace, but the manner in which Hub lost was most unusual. After going through nine scoreless rounds, the Dodgers filled the bases against Carl in the 10th, with Jake Flowers at bat. Flowers was a steady infielder but not a dangerous batter. Hubbell made four pitches to Flowers, and every one was wide of the plate! The winning, and only run, was thus forced across on a base on balls by the master control pitcher of his time. Hub can't recall another occasion when he forced a run across the plate.

In 1938, Hubbell still was a winning pitcher but no longer the work horse who had led the Giants to pennants three times in five years. His left elbow was operated upon, and the bone chips were removed, but when he tried to pitch in 1939, it was obvious that he was not the Hubbell of old.

Hub faced Bob Feller and the Indians in New Orleans in the spring of 1939 and held them to one hit in five innings. There was optimism in some quarters, but the more experienced observers in the press box realized that they were looking at the mere shadow of the great southpaw.

But there was one flash left in the Meal Ticket, and he came through for his old roommate, Mel Ott, who was elevated to the Giant management in 1942. In July of that year, the Giants lost four one-run

games in succession. In the fourth of these, Harry Feldman had the Cardinals beaten 1 to 0 with two out and nobody on base in the last half of the 9th, and the Cards came up with two runs to win before Ott could get anybody ready to warm up.

Ott sat alone in his room in the dark in the Hotel Chase in St. Louis that night, moodily staring across into Forest Park. He had left a note in Hubbell's box that the pitcher was to come to his room that night before going to bed, "no matter what time you come in." This was a touch of dry humor, since Hub was an exemplary athlete during his entire career.

Long before the midnight curfew, there was a rap on Ottie's door, and Hubbell presented himself.

"Sit down, Hub," said Mel. "There's something I've got to say to you." Ott then went on to say that the club was in danger of falling apart because of the succession of one-run defeats. Something had to be done to snap the Giants out of it. And the only thing Mel could think of in this crisis was what McGraw and Terry before him had thought of in similar crises: call on the Meal Ticket.

Hubbell went out the next day against Howie Pollet, then one of the most promising young left-

handers in the National league. Hub, with only a trace of his former stuff but with plenty of cunning, proceeded to give Pollet a pitching lesson. The Meal Ticket won, 1 to 0, and went on from there to win six straight, the Giants finishing a surprising third, their only first-division finish between 1938 and 1950.

By 1943, it was obvious that the Meal Ticket had been punched full. At the winter baseball meetings in the Hotel New Yorker that December, President Horace C. Stoneham of the Giants summoned the press to his room, announcing that Hubbell was being placed in charge of the Giant farm system.

Everybody agreed that it was a nice, sentimental gesture, but one cynic remarked what must have been in the minds of several, "What does Hubbell know about the minors? He hasn't been in a minor league in 15 years!"

Hubbell turned the same thorough concentration to the farm problem that he had turned to his pitching. During the war years, of course, there was little he could do, other than keep the franchises alive, but by 1951, when the Giants won the pennant, the fruits of Hub's patient labors became apparent to all. King Karl was still the Meal Ticket.

DANIEL A. POLING, editor of the *Christian Herald*, was asked by a young man, "What do you know about God?" Dr. Poling answered, "Mighty little, but what I know has changed my entire life."

Canadian Baptist.

Red China: Threat to the World

Stalin learns from Genghis Khan that the Chinese can be a weapon for world conquest

By VICTOR REID

IF CHINA is written off as lost to communism, the whole of Asia will then soon fall. Save China, and you save Asia. If Asia is lost to the communists, lost with its vast storehouse of material resources and almost unlimited reservoir of manpower, can anyone doubt that, within our time, the communists will dominate the world? We are today witnessing the appearance of the real Yellow Peril."

The speaker was the exiled Archbishop of Nanking, the Most Reverend Paul Yu-Pin. The six-foot-two, heavily built son of a peasant farmer of Hei Lung Kiang, near the Manchurian border with Russia, fingered his apostolic ring as he talked. The usual twinkle in his eyes and humor pucks at his mouth were ironed out. A gravity had come to

his broad Han features and rock-like lower jaw.

Grimly he propounded the ideas he had formed from his 50 years of close physical, academic, and spiritual attachment to his suffering land. He spoke from experience as professor at the Catholic University of Peking, organizer of Catholic Action for China, and president of six daily papers and two broadcasting stations.

"For centuries China has been credited as the birthplace and repository of culture," he said. "The Chinese are an industrious folk. They have pursued their peaceful objectives and assimilated their conquerors. They have done all this without regard for the world-shaking character of events in which they were a part. Because of this, we are likely to forget the



Paul Yu-Pin is the Archbishop of Nanking, China. His life and career have been spent for the spiritual betterment of the Chinese people.

terrible historical record involved.

"Few remember that these same sober folk were once before fashioned into an explosive warhead that changed the map of two continents. We forget that Genghis Khan and a handful of Mongols led these peaceful farmers and scholars to lay down their hoes and their brushes and sweep north and into the West in the most savage campaign of cruelty ever loosed upon the world.

"Lift a corner of one of those bloody pages. There you'll see that in a single week, 1,600,000 men, women and children were put to the sword. And that campaign lasted for 21 years.

"We may have forgotten this, but the historians of the Kremlin have not forgotten, for Khan once marched along the banks of the Dnieper and stood at the gates of Kiev. The historians of Moscow know full well that with the proper indoctrination, the Chinese can become the greatest offensive weapon the Russians have.

"That is why in the USSR today Asia comes first. And that is why it is so disturbing to see the western world waving a hopeless banner of Europe first. Unless China is snatched from Russian domination, there will be no Europe to save."

The spiritual father of 50,000 Chinese spoke grimly. "It is not so important for China as it is for the rest of the world that the communist regime in my homeland be

ousted. I have absolutely no doubt the Chinese will in time throw off this yoke as they have done before. Communist ideology is wholly foreign to Chinese philosophy. China was built on the family. In our philosophy, the family is sacred. The Chinese nation will not tolerate barbarism after 50 centuries of civilization. All this, I know.

"But I am a priest of Christ and concerned with the welfare of all peoples, and so I fear the indoctrination of the Chinese. For then will be released upon the world, even for a brief, terrible moment of time, such a force that will smash all progress and blow our civilization apart. It must be stopped, and now."

The prelate recalled words spoken in Chungking during the Sino-Japanese war. Then a high ranking U. S. officer, whose business was to help whip into modern shape the farmer-soldiers of Chiang Kai-Shek, had said, "These people learn more rapidly about weapons and fighting than any I have ever known, and that goes for GI's too.

"With their native intelligence to learn easily, with the extensive armaments of the Soviet masters at their disposal and a temporary belief in the noisome doctrines served up by the political commissars of Russia, the possibilities are appalling," the archbishop asserted.

He warned against doubt that the Soviets are the masters of China today. "The Russians have said that

the trouble in China has been and is a civil war. It is no such thing. We Chinese have lost to the USSR the independence which we fought so hard to regain from the Japanese. All orders to the Chinese communist army now come from the Kremlin. We are no longer a nation, but a vassal. Moscow dictates to Peking."

Attempts at foreign domination of his beloved homeland have a sadly familiar ring to Archbishop Yu-Pin. His parents died when he was seven, and he lived with his grandfather until he was 13. From the French mission school in China, he was sent to Rome by the priest in charge, the late Father Roubin, to study for the priesthood. He took Holy Orders in 1928, and was a professor at Rome's Propaganda college before returning to China in 1933. He became Vicar Apostolic of Nanking in 1936. A year later, Japan attacked China.

During the years that the Japanese were finding the nettles about the China plum less and less to their liking, the archbishop was playing his part as a noncombatant by aiding refugees. Between 1937 and 1945, he visited the U. S. five times seeking aid.

After the war, he returned to Nanking in 1945 and remained until 1949. During this period he enlarged the *Yi-Shih-Pao* (*Social Welfare Daily*) to six dailies in Nanking, Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, Chungking, and Sian. He acquired

radio stations at Nanking and Shanghai.

When the Moscow-minds began to have visions of world dominance, he was declared a warmonger and war criminal. Going into exile, he traveled through South and Central America, and came to the U. S. in 1950 to do missionary work among U. S. Chinese. Recently he made a tour of the Caribbean region, but he feels certain that soon he will be raising the standard of Christ on the China coast again.

"Christianity in China was twice interrupted since the 13th century and nearly disappeared for more than 300 years. Yet, it rose again. Christian ethics are so like the characteristics of the Chinese that the seed can never be trampled out of existence. Now, again, the Church is being decimated."

Up to the time the communists overran China, there were 20 archbishops, 30 vicars apostolic, 5,000 priests (half Chinese), 6,000 nuns (two-thirds Chinese) and some 2,000 Brothers or trainee priests ministering to a loosely knit 4 million Chinese laity. Nobody knows for sure how many are left. There were three Catholic universities, at Peking, Tientsin, and Shanghai, 250 high schools, 15,000 primary schools and hundreds of churches.

"The Reds have taken over the schools and begun a new brand of Stalinized education. The churches are now mostly hotels, cinemas, and stables. In the smaller towns,

Christianity has gone to the Chinese equivalent of the Catacombs, with Mass said as in the primitive Church, with no vestments nor altars. Catholics can continue their religion in the larger cities, but they must register with the secret police. Registration is naturally dangerous.

"Again we are called upon to fight, and die. But after this stormy passage, the march will be swifter. Already within the communist-held country, guerrillas are fighting back

the darkness creeping over the land. Formosa, our last bastion, is daily growing in strength.

"Now is a time of darkness, but great futures are planned in the darkest hours. An intervention of God saved Europe from destruction when the hordes of Genghis Khan were descending on the continent." The reference was to the death of Genghis Khan at Ha-laotu. The archbishop added measurably, "We will not cease to pray for another intervention."

This Struck Me

How do you love humanity—not humanity in the abstract, but, for example, neighbors who turn their radios too high; editors who exploit sex which endangers your children; the careless driver; the careless talker? Sometimes it seems like an impossible task. Thinking the other night while reading The Brothers Karamazov about how tough love is for the ordinary layman, I was struck by the following lines:*

NEVER be frightened at your own faintheartedness in attaining love, for love in action is a harsh and dreadful thing compared with love in dreams. Love in dreams is greedy for immediate action, rapidly performed and in the sight of all. Men will give their lives if only the ordeal does not last long but is soon over, with all looking on and applauding as though on the stage. But active love is labor and fortitude, and for some persons too, perhaps, a complete science. But I predict that just when you see with horror that in spite of all your efforts to love you are getting further from your goal instead of nearer to it—at that very moment I predict that you will reach it and behold clearly the miraculous power of the Lord who has been all the time loving you and miraculously guiding you.

*Dostoevski, Random House, Inc., New York City. 974 pp. \$2.45.

[For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. It will be impossible to return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.—Ed.]

*There's something about fires
that attracts . . .*

50,000 Sidewalk Fire Chiefs

By GEORGE FRAZIER

Condensed from *Nation's Business**



TUCKED obscurely away in the papers last April 11 was a brief but bewildering Associated Press dispatch.

"Dr. Arthur Fiedler," it reported under a San Francisco date line, "conductor of the Boston 'Pops' Orchestra, here for a concert, left instructions at his hotel to be called for all fires."

"He got his chance yesterday when there was a three-alarm blaze. By the time equipment arrived, Dr. Fiedler was on the scene."

If people assumed from this that Dr. Fiedler must be a peculiar duck, the fault was the reporter's.

Actually, Fiedler is a well-adjusted man who, far from taking delight in an unchecked fire, suffers unbearable anxiety until the last spark has been put out. He has to see for himself that everything is under control. He displays a Boston Fire department plate on his limousine, and sports an honorary chief's gold badge.

George Washington, U. S. Grant,

Justice and Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Al Smith, Fiorello La Guardia all had his same sensation, and so does one of the most distinguished Englishmen.

"Winston Churchill," stated a London dispatch Oct. 15, 1950, "went to a fire last night and insisted on getting so close that he gave the police a bad time. The flames damaged the last remaining section of London's already fire-damaged Crystal Palace. Churchill was driving to his country home and saw the flames. He marched up so close that his figure was wrapped in smoke. Worried police suggested several times that he move back, but he paid little attention."

Sometimes the desire to see the flames brought under control is irresistible.

The urge that makes a man rush to fires is not easy for others to understand. A few years ago, however, a buff, the term for those who rush to fires, explained.

"Fires to us are not mere spectacles," explained Karl Detzer, the writer. "They are demonstrations of strategy and tactics, for behind the apparent confusion at any 'working fire' there is generalship. A real buff can tell at a glance just how the battle lines are drawn. The placement of hose lines and ladders, the use of high-pressure turrets and water towers, the location of windows being smashed with axes—all these are clues to what kind of fire it is, where it is centered, whether it has what firemen call a 'good hold.'"

There is a rather enterprising kinship among the 50,000-or-so people in the U. S. who feel as Detzer does. Consequently, a number belong to buff clubs.

Buffs take their hobby seriously. Some ten years ago, Jimmy Welch, a trumpet player with Tommy Dorsey's band, became so exasperated at his inability to attend fires that he quit his job to become a Boston fireman. This same devotion regulated the behavior of our country's early volunteer firemen.

At the sound of an alarm they were expected to drop everything and rush off to the fire. Failing to do so, they either had to produce an acceptable excuse or pay a fine. The alibi had to be sound. Indeed there is considerable doubt as to whether or not the entry for June 15, 1807, in the minutes book of Engine 13 in New York City could have been accepted.

"Harris Sages' excuse is received," it reads. "He says at the time of the fire he was locked in his fiancée's arms and did not hear the alarm."

According to H. L. Mencken, the term *buff* stems from the fact that many of the wealthy young men in early volunteer companies wore buffalo skin coats and were known as buffalos, or buffs for short. Mencken adds that another school of thought points out that many volunteers wore buff uniforms.

Al Smith, from his close association with Engine 32 on John Street on the lower East Side, referred to himself as a buffalo. But Smith, as a youngster, was not at as many fires as might have been expected. Usually, when the horse-drawn trucks would lurch out of the fire station, he remained behind to wolf any morsel that had been left from the lunch of some member of the company. No dedicated buff would ever be guilty of such selfishness.

All true buffs disregard their own physical comfort. Once a blaze is under way, hunger, fatigue, advanced age, and nasty weather are forgotten. Even in their 70's, Justice Holmes and his wife followed the hook-and-ladder through Washington streets.

But if food means little, sleep means even less. Another curious symptom is a preference for tumbling out of bed on a cold night. This is because freezing weather is conducive to fires of two or more alarms, which buffs call multiples.

Considering all this, it is hardly surprising that there should be legends. Father Flanary, a teacher in a New York parochial school, was so addicted that he would abandon his pupils, and "roll," which is buff for going to a fire, whenever a multiple came in over the alarm he had in the classroom.

Year after year, as the tale goes, his pupils would pray for this to happen during an examination. Finally, of course, it did. Father Flanary reached for his hat and coat and darted toward the door. Then, wheeling suddenly, he called to the class.

"This," he said, "is proof of the efficacy of prayer. You are on your honor—and on your own."

Although many buffs pass their time between fires by visiting fire stations, some feel that this is not enough. Harry Harding, a 52-year-old lumber merchant of Lynn, Mass., has been buff since he was ten. Harding has spent an estimated \$30,000 to equip his garage not merely with alarms, but with a pole down which he can slide if a multiple should hit while he is on the second floor.

The Harding house has two complete sets of eight separate city and town tapper systems, eight short-wave radios, and a device which eliminates all but multiples. His car has two radio systems and a two-way radio telephone in it.

Buffs have their own slang. To buffs, the aerial ladder is "the big

stick"; the act of sliding down the pole, "hitting the floor"; the hose, "spaghetti"; a fire that is short of a multiple but big enough to keep the firemen occupied, "a worker"; a water tower, "a syringe"; a fireman's trousers and hip boots, his "bunker clothes," "night hitch," or "turnouts"; a fire smoky enough to affect firemen's nostrils, "smoky"; and one that is full of combustible gases and ready to explode, "ripe."

But of all slang terms, the most eloquent is probably "kink-chaser." It describes a laggard who, when asked by his company commander why he isn't inside a burning building with the rest of the firemen, pleads that he is busy straightening kinks out of the hose line.

"Snack-buffs" are those who provide for firemen's comfort. Perhaps the most enterprising snack-buff today is Edgar Steinhardt. A man in his 50's who runs a feather business, Steinhardt turns up in his station wagon stocked with blankets, dry clothing, sandwiches, whisky, coffee and, in hot weather, soda pop, at all fires near his home in Lawrence, L. I. He rolls into New York City on three-or-more alarms.

He has performed such service that most buffs feel it unfair that he is only an honorary battalion chief rather than a deputy chief.

The same sort of behavior marks a New York physician, Harry Archer, who, at 82, continues to add to the 20,000-odd fires he has

attended. While still in medical school, Archer, whose father was president of the Erie railroad, used to minister to the injured at fires. For decades he was the New York Fire department's honorary doctor.

Unfortunately, not all buffs—or, rather, people who profess to be buffs—are like Archer and Steinhardt. There have been, for example, cases of buffs setting fires.

This sort of thing has caused

some fire commissioners to take a dim view of buffs. One of these is Michael T. Kelleher of Boston.

"Fire-fighting," Kelleher remarked one day last winter, "is a serious and dangerous business. It belongs to trained firemen, and should not be a fad and fancy of sparks any more than it should be proper for firemen who like money to go into a bank and divert themselves by playing with currency."

Force of Suggestion

A WYOMING student at Creighton University in Omaha, Neb., began crying during a violent windstorm. Her classmates pointed out the storm would pass soon. "I'm not scared," she said. "It's just that it makes me homesick."

H. H.

Suggestion of Force

J REMEMBER," said Harry Hershfield, the great storyteller, "a true story told me by Father Martin Fahy, years ago."

Harry's voice rose with excitement. "It was the very day he was ordained, when this man with the gun rushed up to his door. . . .

"Father Fahy heard the doorbell ring, and had started downstairs to open it. Just then he saw the man come right in—with his revolver in his hand.

"But Father Fahy didn't retreat! This was his first day as a priest, and his first crisis. He would confront man and gun head-on.

"Down he went. The man's eyes were burning with excitement.

"Father Fahy tried not to look at the gun. Walking straight up to the man brandishing the revolver, Father Fahy said, 'Hello.'

"The man didn't put the gun away. Instead, he pushed it right at Father Fahy, and said, 'Father, I wonder if you would bless this revolver for me that I may use it only in the cause of justice. I was admitted to the police department today.'"

From the column *It Happened Last Night* by Earl Wilson (16 Jan. '52).

Tonsillectomy for Tots



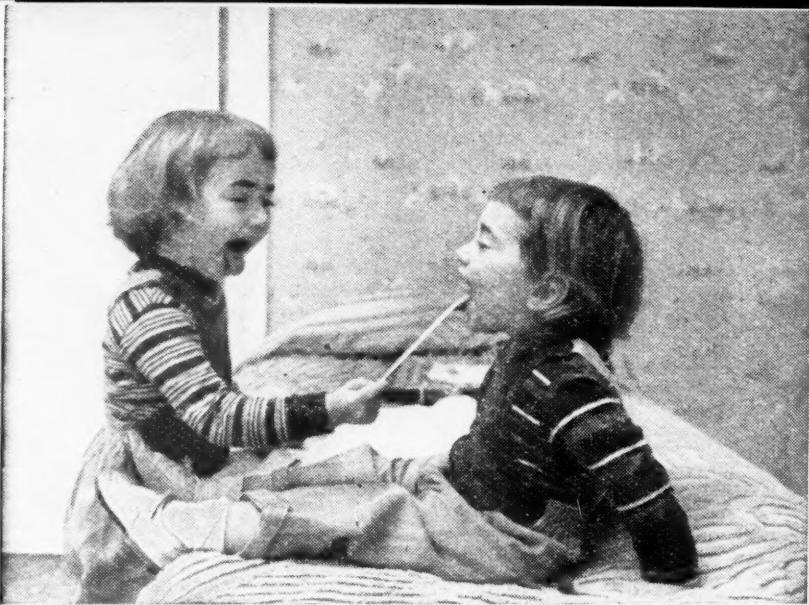
"SHOW MOMMY." Mother suspects tonsil trouble, and the doctor advises surgery.

A mother prepares her daughter for a tonsil operation



DENISE IMITATES the doctor's actions with the aid of a toy medical kit her parents have bought. The patient—her doll.

ALTHOUGH a great many small fry have their tonsils yanked and suffer no ill effects afterward, the operation still remains an unpleasant experience. For the beanie set, a tonsillectomy is usually the first operation; and the prospect of surgery is terrifying to the tot involved. To lessen this shock, wise parents can minimize any emotional difficulties.



"SAY AHI!" Denise instructs Mary. "Got to see if your tonsils are still all right."

NEXT on the examination schedule is a peek into dolly's ear. "Hm. Very bad!"



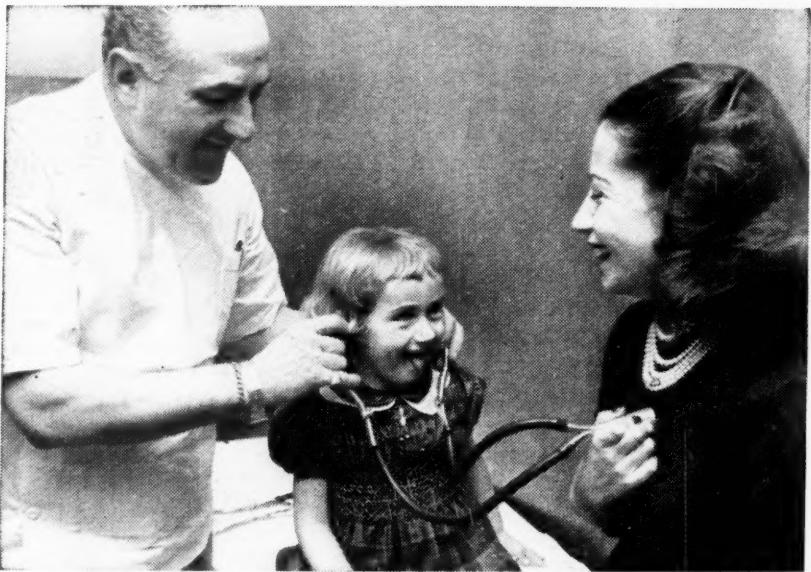


GAS for her mother is "administered" by Doctor Denise as part of the game.

THIS is what happened in the home of the Howard Chapnicks of Long Beach, N.Y., when their three-year-old daughter, Denise, complained of a sore throat. After the family doctor said the tonsils had to go, Mrs. Chapnick

began an educational program designed to put Denise in the best of spirits for the operation.

The first step was buying a toy medical kit, and letting Denise get used to the instruments the doctor used when he examined her.



DENISE LISTENS to Mommy's heartbeat during a visit to the doctor's office.



THE NURSE talks with Denise in the hospital a few days before the operation.

HE family doctor helped out by explaining things to Denise so she would feel at ease. Before the operation, Mrs. Chapnick took her on a tour of the hospital to get acquainted with nurses, doctors, and some of the unusual equipment.

Naturally, none of this advance familiarization could prevent Denise's throat from being a bit sore

after the operation; but a dish of ice cream goes a long way to fix that up. With such preparation the tot's recovery is not more rapid; but the operation is a pleasant memory. And, should she ever have to undergo another operation, she can face it without much of the emotional strain which makes things difficult for so many adults.

A WALK through the hospital corridors familiarizes Denise with her new surroundings.





BUNNIES in the hospital laboratory are admired by Denise. A hospital doctor is her guide.

ICE CREAM follows the actual operation. Thanks to careful advance preparation, the experience left her no unpleasant memories.



The Story of Ruth

One of the loveliest books of all time teaches one of God's greatest lessons: He is Father of all

By FULTON OURSLER

Condensed from *The Greatest Book Ever Written**

IN THE days when judges still ruled in Israel, a famine blighted the land and the people were hungry.

Living in Bethlehem of Judea at this time was a man named Elimelech, with his two sons and his good wife Naomi.

Naomi was simply a gentle housewife. She was busy at the hundred chores of a farm woman, keeping her sons and her husband well fed; their garments mended; their beds soft and comfortable. Naomi lived most of her waking time for their comfort and happiness.

But now they would have to move. "We will try Moab," an-

nounced Elimelech. Neither Naomi nor her sons lifted an eyebrow, although they all knew that Israelites avoided that part of the world. Finally Naomi made her new home in one of the numerous cities of east Jordan. The Moabites made the little Bethlehem family welcome, sold them land, helped them to prosper and, when the time came, arranged betrothals for Naomi's sons with two of their prettiest maidens, one of whom was called Orpah and the other Ruth.

For ten years they all lived together, and had no feeling of homesickness. But one after another, the loved ones of Naomi died, first the



husband, next one son, and again the other. In the household of Elimelech there were three widows in their grief. Naomi began to feel frightened and alone.

The course of the mother was clear. She must not be a burden on these two women, still attractive and vigorous. They would find new husbands; as for herself, she felt a deep nostalgia for Bethlehem. Some of her old friends and relatives must still be living there. The famine was long since gone; she would find a way to support herself in her old age. Her daughters-in-law, those fresh-looking young widows, were not of the blood of the children of Israel, not bound by the laws of Moses to be forever kind and loving to a dowager mother-in-law.

"The Lord deal kindly with you," she said to the young widows, "as you have dealt with our dead and with me. I leave you, but the Lord grant that you each find happiness and peace in the house of a husband."

The young women answered, "Surely we will return with you to Bethlehem." But Naomi gently shook her head. She had no more sons to offer them; let them look each for a Moabite husband.

Orpah tearfully kissed Naomi good-by and went her way, but Ruth, her lovely face lighted up with devotion, eyes shining as if she saw some private vision, held aging Naomi tightly in her arms

and whispered softly to the woman.

Entreat me not to leave thee
Or to return from following
thee:

For whither thou goest
I will go;
And where thou lodgest
I will lodge:

Thy people shall be my people
And thy God my God:
Where thou diest I will die;
And there will I be buried.
The Lord do so to me and
more also
If aught but death part thee
and me.

They clung together, turned their backs on Moab, and set out together for Bethlehem, about the time of the beginning of the barley harvest.

But very few persons in Bethlehem remembered the homesick Naomi. Ten years had changed her as if they had been 30.

"Is this Naomi?" people would ask with incredulity, and the widow would reply, "Call me Marah." Which name, as we know, meant bitterness. In bewilderment, finding herself home among strangers, and without the simplest necessities of life, Naomi seemed unable to decide what they should do. But Ruth had a suggestion: let her follow after the reapers in the fields and pick up the waste they dropped behind them. Then they would have enough to grind into flour and

make cakes that would keep them alive.

Now, as it happened, Ruth had entered the farm owned by a certain Boaz, a "mighty man of wealth," who was actually a kinsman of Elimelech. Boaz was a jolly man of middle age with no eye to miss such a beauty as this ragged stranger on his land. So he called his hired workers and demanded, "Whose damsel is this?"

Told that she was a Moabitess, the daughter-in-law of Naomi, Boaz asked to have the frightened girl brought before him. And so begins a tender love story incomparably told in the Bible's Book of Ruth.

"And Boaz said to Ruth: Hear me, daughter, do not go to glean in any other field, and do not depart from this place, but keep with my maids, and follow where they reap. For I have charged my young men not to molest you. And if you are thirsty, go to the vessels, and drink of the waters whereof the servants drink.

"She fell on her face, and, worshiping upon the ground, said to him: Whence comes this to me, that I should find grace before your eyes, and that you should vouchsafe to take notice of me, a woman of another country? And he answered her: All has been told me, that you have done to your mother-in-law after the death of your husband; and how you have left your

parents, and the land wherein you were born, and are come to a people which you knew not heretofore. The Lord render unto you for your work, and may you receive a full reward of the Lord the God of Israel, to whom you are come, and under whose wings you are fled....

"She gleaned therefore in the field till evening. And beating out with a rod and threshing what she had gleaned, she found about the measure of an ephah of barley, that is three bushels, which she took up and returned into the city, and showed it to her mother-in-law....

"Naomi said to her: My daughter, I will seek rest for you, and will provide that it may be well with you. This Boaz with whose maids you were joined in the field is our near kinsman, and behold this night he winnows barley in the threshing floor. Wash yourself therefore and anoint you, and put on your best garments, and go down to the barn floor; and let not the man see you, till he shall have done eating and drinking. And when he shall go to sleep, mark the place wherein he sleeps, and you shall go in, and lift up the clothes wherewith he is covered towards his feet, and shall lay yourself down there, and he will tell you what you must do. She answered: Whatsoever you shall command, I will do.

"And she went down to the barn floor, and did all that her mother-

in-law had bid her. And when Boaz had eaten and drunk and was merry he went to sleep by the heap of sheaves, and she came softly, and uncovering his feet laid herself down. And behold when it was now midnight the man was afraid, and troubled; and he saw a woman lying at his feet, and he said to her: Who are you? And she answered: I am Ruth, your hand-maid; spread your coverlet over your servant, for you are a near kinsman. And he said: Blessed are you of the Lord, my daughter, and your latter kindness has surpassed the former, because you have not followed young men either poor or rich. Fear not therefore, but whatsoever you shall say to me I will do to you. For all the people that dwell within the gates of my city know that you are a virtuous woman....

"Boaz therefore took Ruth and married her and went in unto her, and the Lord gave her to conceive and to bear a son. And the women said to Naomi: Blessed be the Lord, who has not suffered your family to want a successor, that his name should be preserved in Israel. And you should have one to comfort your soul, and cherish your old age. For he is born of your daughter-in-law, who loves you, and is much better to you than if you had seven sons.

A GEORGIA congressman wishes segregation retained in the Washington, D. C., fire department. Maybe he can figure out a way to have white and colored fight different colored fires.

"And Naomi taking the child, laid it in her bosom, and she carried it, and was a nurse unto it.

"And women, her neighbors, congratulating with her and saying: There is a son born to Naomi."

These women chose the name for the child; he was called Obed, and was to grow up to be the father of Jesse, who would be the father of David, the great king.

And that David, glorious king of Israel, would be born in Bethlehem, ancestor of the human mother and foster father of Jesus Christ, a thousand years to come.

In that fact is the answer to an enigma.

When we read the Bible we may ask ourselves why this beautiful Book of Ruth is so prominent; why so much space and importance are given to the record of this one rather simple family. But the answer is clear. By marrying Boaz, Ruth, the Gentile, became a progenitor of the human aspect of Christ, who, according to the prophets, would be sprung from the seed of David.

Thus the marriage day of Ruth and Boaz brought nearer the realization of a great idea, the idea that God is not the God of one family or of one race or one nation only, but the Father of all mankind.

Are You Having Enough Fun?

Play, work, love, and devotion must be in balance

By JOHN E. GIBSON
Condensed from *This Week**

FUN, plain, ordinary, everyday fun, is a vital part of your life. How much you enjoy yourself is connected with how well adjusted you are, how mentally alert you are, how well you do your work, and even how long you will live. Studies show that fun is just as important to mental and physical health as getting enough sleep or eating proper food.

Psychologists and sociologists have found out just how having fun affects you. They can tell you what gives the most fun to most people. They know some people almost always have fun, no matter what they do. And others almost never enjoy themselves under any circumstances.

If you'd like to have more fun, the scientists will gladly let you in on the secret. Look at their findings.

Why is fun important?

Dr. E. J. Kepler at the Mayo clinic studied hun-

dreds of patients who had nothing organically wrong with them, but had lost their ability to enjoy life. Dr. Kepler discovered the only successful method of treating them. The afflicted person had to rearrange his life. He had to guide himself by four factors. These factors are: worship (devotion), play, work, love. The influences had to be put in balance.

Dr. Kepler found that his patients' lives lacked balance. Frequently, one of the four factors was almost entirely absent. Usually, the missing ingredient was play. Whenever the balance was restored, the patients' symptoms improved.

Too many people regard "just having fun" as a frivolous waste of time. But scientific studies show the contrary.

Is it true that persons who don't have enough fun are much more likely to be neurotic than others?

Yes. Surveys conducted at



Ohio State university show that. Students who take recreation are far better adjusted than those students who do not.

Play is a release for our creative impulses. Often our jobs use only a small part, sometimes none, of our hidden talents. And bottled-up creative powers can make us unhappy. In play we can break loose and express ourselves without worrying what the boss might think about us.

Play, as psychiatrists point out, is a safety valve for the emotions. Contests serve as outlets for aggressive impulses.

What do people have the most fun doing?

To find out the answer to this question, psychologists at the University of Wisconsin made a survey of a representative group of men and women. Each person was asked to write what in the last three weeks had provided most pleasure and enjoyment. Here are the things that the majority got the most fun from.

1. Social visits with friends, having dates, meeting new persons.
2. Achieving some wish, desire or ambition.
3. Games, sports, amusements.
4. Conversation, "gab-fests," exchanging tidbits of gossip.
5. Dressing up, improving personal appearance, acquiring new articles of apparel (mainly among women).

Do students who have the most fun in college make the lowest grades?

At Yale, psychologists found that students who had the most fun averaged the highest grades. Such students also scored higher ratings in IQ tests.

Who has the most fun?

The University of Wisconsin made this question the subject of an extensive survey. The findings showed that most people have the most fun before they get married and have children. After that, their fun quotient tends to take a definite drop. Apparently the added cares of raising a family leave less time, energy, and money for recreation.

The survey showed that business women have more fun than housewives; that executives (both men and women) enjoy themselves often than clerical workers. And, as far as having fun is concerned, the widowed and the divorced rank at the bottom of the list.

The study showed that people who sleep eight and a half hours or less have more good times than those who sleep longer. The folks who went to bed the earliest or stayed there the longest, found life the most unpleasant.

Are some periods of the day more conducive to fun than others?

The U. of W. studies show that most people can have most fun the first half of the morning (first

half hour after rising definitely excepted), and first half of the evening. Capacity for fun hits a low ebb in late afternoon.

Do men have more fun than women?

They definitely do. Studies conducted at the University of Southern California and Wayne university prove this. A woman's fun is frequently spoiled by trifles which a man considers insignificant.

Tests at the University of Cincinnati show that women don't even get as much fun out of eating as men do. They dislike more foods, and are more finicky about the way they are prepared.

How can you have more fun?

Most persons believe that they don't have more fun because of lack of time, money or opportunity. Psychologists, agree, however, that the real reason is their mental attitude. People who are chronically resentful rarely enjoy themselves. Hypercritical persons are in the same class; so are the self-centered.

Many don't have fun simply because a misguided conscience won't let them. A false sense of guilt nags at them when they do take time out for recreation. They feel that they are frittering away hours that should be spent in "self-improvement," or in doing something "constructive." Having fun for its own sake seems wrong. They don't realize that fun is constructive and that

John Ypes, 16th-century Carmelite friar, said, "The soul of one who serves God always swims in joy, always keeps a holiday, is always in his palace of jubilation."

it is just as necessary to a well-balanced personality as work.

One way you can increase enjoyment is to take careful inventory of the things that you've had the most fun doing in the last few weeks. Arrange to do such things more often.

Perhaps the most intensive research on anhedonia (inability to have fun) was conducted by the late Dr. Abraham Myerson. His studies show that it is caused largely by putting all your interests into one basket, and then having something happen to that basket.

Myerson cited the man who becomes so intent on being promoted from one job to another that he can think of nothing else. His capacity for enjoyment may be ruined when that job is given to another. Life may become flat and tasteless. How long this attitude will last will depend on his personality. If he is deeply introverted, it may last indefinitely. If he is an extrovert, and optimistic by nature, he is likely to recover much quicker.

The best way to prevent anhedonia is to avoid a narrow outlook. Broaden your interests.

Fun is no luxury. It is essential.

Seven Million Soviet Slaves

*Moscow is building its industrial might
on the foundation of forced labor*

By PAUL WOHL

Condensed from the *Christian Science Monitor**

LAST Oct. 17, Soviet occupation authorities in Vienna seized 500,000 copies of a map showing the location of labor camps in the USSR.

The map had been compiled by a former Soviet citizen and was first published in Rome in 1945 in a book, *La Justice Sovietique*. American Federation of Labor investigators revised it the next year to include information obtained by questioning former inmates and officials who had been in charge of labor camps.

The map shows the internment camps as they are supposed to have existed at the end of the war. The bulk of the documentation, however, refers to the years between 1937 and 1941.

Little new information about forced labor camps has come out of the USSR since the war. While there is no reason to assume that the regime has become more humane, indications are that forced labor during the past few years has entered a new phase.

Convicts in Russia today are put

to work more efficiently. Organized into labor armies, equipped with powerful machines, they are directed by managers and engineers doubling as police. They now work in the huge power, irrigation, and canal projects in the Volga valley, in the Ukraine, the Crimea, central Asia, the Urals, and Siberia.

In these labor armies, manpower, now shorter than ever in the Soviet, is being carefully handled, as spot reports in the Soviet press and technical descriptions of the work progress show. Judging by the extent of the projects, which cover a tenth of the land surface of Europe and Asia combined, the number of convicts must be staggering.

Most of the camps shown on the map still exist in some form. New ones may have been added. They all are keyed to productive enterprises, such as timber cutting and hauling, mining, railway construction, and fishing.

Originally, Soviet internment camps were supposed to reeducate persons hostile to the regime. This was the idea during the first years

of the revolution. The few camps of that period were part of the prison administration. They were at the time hailed as a step beyond customary prison methods.

As independent institutions, the internment camps developed between 1921 and 1927. They were planned to isolate dangerous enemies of the regime; they were located in remote inhospitable areas. Food was frugal but equally distributed. The few escaped prisoners who remember this first phase complained mainly of miserable living conditions and harsh treatment.

The second phase started in 1928, when for the first time prisoners were made to cut and haul timber and work on roads. During this period, which lasted until 1931, rations remained equal and prisoners were supposed to be paid about the same wages as free laborers.

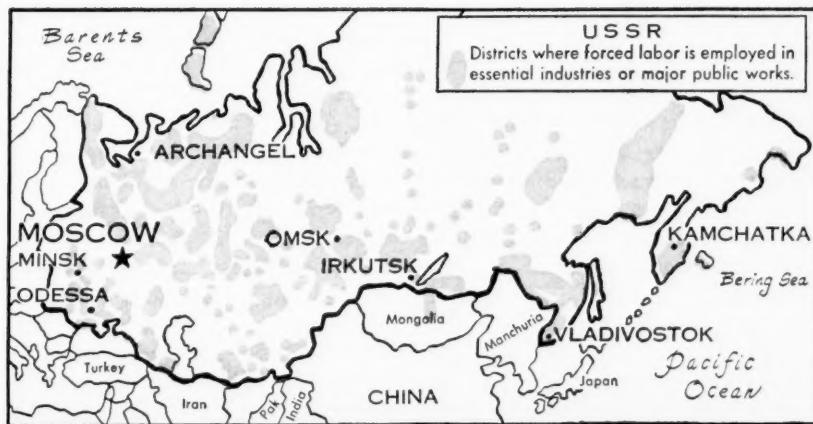
Convict prisoners were employed

mainly in the forests around Murmansk and Archangel, where British and Scandinavian vessels then still made frequent calls. It was through Russian stevedores and port workers that news of large-scale slave labor in the USSR in 1929 reached the outside world.

In the third period, from 1932 to 1937, millions of peasants who had resisted collectivization were put to work all over the country and confined in hastily built camps.

In the fourth period, from 1938 to 1941, convict labor became a regular feature of the Soviet economy. During the 2nd World War the number of convicts seems to have declined sharply. But soon after the collapse of Germany, a large influx of new convicts was admitted. Many were Russian prisoners of war and civilians the Germans had taken away as slave laborers.

The camp population has always



reflected the current line of Soviet policy. During the first phase, most were Trotskyites, old-guard Bolsheviks, and other revolutionary opponents of Stalin.

With the collectivization in the early 30's there were millions of kulaks brought to the camps. Third, with the great purge, large numbers of officials peopled the camps. Fourth, in a last backwash of the purge, tens of thousands of relatives of previous victims were interned.

The fifth wave consisted of Balts, Poles, and Jewish refugees who had fled eastward before the advancing nazi armies. During the war years new convicts were mainly industrial workers, sentenced for violation of the laws on wartime labor discipline, and, as the Soviet army regained control of the lands lost to Hitler, real or alleged collaborators.

The total number of convicts has varied. According to some former inmates, the camp population at its peak numbered between 3 and 4 million.

Others set the number at 23 million. But the best-informed anti-communist Russians estimate that the camp population probably numbers between 5 million and 7 million. This is a large figure compared to only 13 million free industrial workers and employees of 1950.

The estimates apply only to camp inmates. They do not include the inmates of regular prisons or any of the other numerous forms of compulsory labor, such as road

China in the First Stage

Official communist dispatches confirm establishment of forced-labor camps throughout China to turn dissenters into "new men." The communists have even produced a movie called *New Men Village*, showing life inside the labor camps.

Communist China's official New China News agency sent out two stories telling of prison camps near Peiping and in Shansi province of northern China. The official communist dispatches said the camps are "highly successful" because they combine labor with political indoctrination.

The Christian Science Monitor
(13 Dec. '51).

building and canal digging on collective farms.

Convict labor is responsible for some of the largest public works of the regime. In the early 30's, the Baltic-White Sea or Stalin canal was built entirely by former kulaks. About 700,000 of them are reported to have died on the job.

The Moscow-Volga canal also was built by convicts. Other such projects are the open-seam coal mines at Vorkuta, and the Pechora railroad, the uncompleted northern section of the Trans-Siberian railroad, and the gold production in the frozen hinterland of the Okhotsk sea.

The economic importance of convict labor in relation to free labor varies from region to region and from industry to industry. According to the state plan for 1941, which fell into the hands of the Germans during the war, the share of convict labor in timber hauling in Arkhangel province was 27% of the total; in the Karelo-Finnish republic, it was 30%; and in Khabarovsk province in the Far East, 34%.

Today convict labor is employed mainly in large long-range projects which cost too much when done by

free labor. The Soviet apologists point out that under the czars similar enterprises were carried out by forced labor.

Examples are the famous Rhine-Rhone canal which, under Napoleon, was built largely by Spanish prisoners, and the Murmansk railroad, built in 1915-16 by German prisoners of war.

But nowhere else in modern times has there been exploitation of convict labor on so large a scale and under such atrocious conditions as in the USSR today.

Mass in Korea

MARINE Sgt. Francis Doran, in Korea 31 months, moved his parents, the John Dorans, Berkeley, with this letter.

He wrote: "I got to Mass and Holy Communion Sunday. They make it so easy I feel guilty sometimes. We can eat chow any time right up until receiving and they usually give general absolution before Mass. We pray the Rosary during Mass; and Sunday the general was kneeling right next to me in the mud saying his beads.

"Going to Mass here is a treat few civilians could understand. It is comradeship at its best. The highest brass, a man who has the lives of 25,000 men committed to him, kneels in the mud with his men and receives the sacraments. It's being at home for half an hour.

"The chaplain puts on his vestments over his dungarees and muddy boondockers, and Korea, stinking, muddy, pagan as it is, becomes a fine and holy place. You are alone with God, and even shivering with the wind and rain in your face can't penetrate the warmth of your insides."

From "The Town Crier" by Mark Beltaire in the Detroit *Free Press* (4 Jan. '52).

Ask and Receive

OUR prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well; as one ascends the other descends.

Holy Name Cathedral Calendar (Chicago) Jan. '51.

Mass at 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11

*The Sunday schedule sings
a chant of the living Church*

By JOHN W. LYNCH
Condensed from *Hourglass**

NEWSPAPERS usually print in the Saturday-evening editions a summary of the religious schedules for the following day. Beyond doubt, the dullest reading in this section, and always the shortest, is the heading: Roman Catholic.

It reads like a railroad timetable. There is nothing but the name of the church, address, and list of the hours of the Masses. No sermon titles. No account of the speaker, or the guest speaker. No musical program. Nothing except that bare list of the hours. And it is the same list for 52 Saturday-evening editions a year.

Probably you have never looked at it. It has news value only for a stranger in town, some passing guest in a hotel, somebody who needed to find out where and when he could get to Mass between trains. But try it next Saturday. Read the list all the way down. Get the rhythm of it, the swing, the lilt of it. It is like the tolling of a bell,



the repeating fall of an accent in music.

It goes like this. Cathedral: Masses, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. Assumption: Masses, 5:45, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. Blessed Sacrament: Masses, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. That's the theme, the motif, the recurring phrase . . . 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. Then there is a quick change, for the list reads: Holy Trinity: Masses, 8 and 9:30. Then a variation, the syncopation of Most Holy Rosary: Masses, 6, 7:30, 8:30, 9:45, 11. Then the steady beat of the theme is discovered again in Our Lady of Pompeii: Masses, 7, 9, 10 and 11, omitting, you will note, the stroke of 8. Then trippingly in quickstep, like a jig, comes St. James: Masses, 6:15, 7:30, 8:30 and 10:30. Then the steady rhythm returns with St. Anthony of Padua: Masses, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

Read it for yourself: *The Song of Sunday Morning*: 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

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New York City. 172 pp. \$2.

The Chant of the Living Church,
7, 8, 9, 10, 11. *The Rhyme of the*
Ancient Faith, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

Let your imagination run on a little. This is the schedule that is known by heart in all the families of the parish. These are the schedules that cause such remarks as, "I'm going to the Seven. You watch the baby, and then you can go to the Nine." Or, "I'm going to receive in the morning and I'll set the clock for the Eight." Or, "I'm tired tonight. I'll sleep till the Eleven." Catholic language, the calm, easy speaking of the normal faith: 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

This is the crowd hurrying down the street, the search for a place to park, the joyful assembly and gathering of people who can never be strangers to each other. This is the brushing of hats and clothes, the pulling on of gloves, the hasty daub of powder and rouge, the closing of the front door, the putting of the envelope in the purse. This is Sunday morning up to noon in any city in the U. S. in any weather.

There it is, a weekly, nameless list. It stands for a city with many priests, fasting, assigned to an altar and an hour, going to sleep on the Saturday night, rising to keep the eternal tryst at an altar stone; it stands for a pastor worried about building. It recalls the long, common labor of planning that a church might stand at an address in the city. It forecasts the multitude of contributions that maintain

the buildings and keep them worthy of the worship of God. It symbolizes the traditions of a parish, the affections, the loyalties over the years. It reflects a family going by habit to a certain location in the building every Sunday, even now when pew rent is largely a method of the past.

The list can bring the vision of the green of the vestments changing to the white, to the violet, to the red as the months proceed; the sound of the ringing of Mass bells through all the morning. It suggests the central silence and the hush in which the threefold ringing comes, first for the lifted Host, then for the lifted Chalice.

If you read this schedule next Saturday night you can hear some echoes that come after. Out from Sinai will come the sound of the 1st of the Ten Commandments, "I am the Lord thy God: thou shalt not have strange Gods before Me." Then the voice of Christ will speak in the words He uttered when He had been shown all the kingdoms of the world, "The Lord thy God shalt thou adore and Him only shalt thou serve." You can hear, too, in echo the nearer voice of Christ, "And the Bread which I shall give is My Flesh for the life of the world." And, "Do this for a commemoration of Me." And, "Going therefore, teach ye all nations, and behold I am with you even unto the consummation of the world." And beyond the echo

of the voice of Christ will begin the sounding of St. Paul: "For as often as you shall eat this Bread, and drink this Chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until He come. Therefore, whosoever shall eat this Bread, or drink of the Chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and the Blood of the Lord."

And after Paul will be the ancients of the Church, the Fathers of the faith, before there was any America, or newspapers, or an English language. They will all sound the same; for this is the faith now, as the faith has been since the beginning. Seven, eight, nine, ten, and eleven—"till the consummation of the world."

Lightning and the Saint

LIGHTNING flashed across the altar in the dim monastery chapel. Thunder cracked overhead. A massive man, St. Thomas Aquinas, most learned in all Christendom, rushed into the chapel. Terrified, he wrapped his huge arms around the tabernacle and begged God to quiet his fears.

There was good reason for St. Thomas to fear lightning. One warm night in June, 1231, six-year-old Thomas was sleeping peacefully in the nursery at Rocca Sicca. Suddenly a violent thunderstorm arose. Lightning forked through the nursery window and killed Thomas's sister lying at his side. He feared lightning thereafter.

Lightning played a part in St. Thomas's death some 40 years later.

Little Flower's Delight

SOME six centuries after St. Thomas lived, St. Thérèse, the Little Flower, loved lightning and thunder. After a thunderbolt had crashed in a near-by field, she wrote, "Far from feeling the least bit afraid, I was delighted; it seemed that God was so near."

Although sick with a fever in 1274, when Pope Gregory X asked him to attend the General Council of Lyons, St. Thomas immediately departed. Near Teano, a small town along the way, lightning had shattered a tree, which fell across the road. There was room to pass under the tree, so the people did not bother to move it.

The well-over-six-foot Thomas, riding along half-sick, banged his head on the tree, and fell unconscious. He was carried to a near-by castle, and a few days later moved to the Benedictine monastery of Fossa Nuova. Here, just after midnight on March 7, the great St. Thomas traded the world and his fear of lightning for the endless joy of heaven.

Joseph F. Beckman, Jr.

Magsaysay, *Hero of Philippine Freedom*

*He is proving to his people that true liberty can exist
only with order in government*

Condensed from *Time**

RAMON MAGSAYSAY (rhymes with *Mog-sigh-sigh*) first flashed into national view in the Philippines in September, 1950, when President Quirino appointed him secretary of defense, and gave him broad authority.

The sparks he has been shooting off since have singed the once mighty communist-led Huks, ignited the tempers of bigwigs in his own Liberal party, and fired the ardor of the common Filipino all over the islands.

To rank-and-file Filipinos, he has become a national hero. To his boss, President Quirino, he has become at times an embarrassment but, day in and day out, he is his party's best asset. To the opposition, he has become an unexpected Good Samaritan for keeping the polls free (they gave him an admiringly inscribed copy of *Peace of Mind*.)

To the Western world, too often handicapped by the intricacies of Oriental politics, he brings hope for democracy in the Orient.

Ramon Magsaysay, 44 years old, rugged, tall (5 ft. 11 in.), is a blacksmith's son from Zambales, a province in western Luzon. He has both Chinese and Spanish blood. He is a table-thumping, toe-tromping activist who would rather hipshoot a gun at bottles tossed into Manila bay than put away one of Quirino's famed two-hour breakfasts at Ma-



lacañan palace, with the famous pancakes, papaya, and fried *lapu-lapu* (a choice fish).

He lacks the usual Filipino impulse for florid oratory, fancy dress, and luxurious living. Every month he turns over his 1,000-peso (\$500) salary to his pretty, shy wife, Luz. In his five years in politics, he has won an unchallenged reputation for honesty.

Magsaysay has a great regard for the law, but a greater regard for law and order. In 1950, he persuaded Quirino to suspend the right of habeas corpus for all prisoners suspected of being Huks. "When I've decided to punish someone who deserves to be punished," Magsaysay vows, "nobody can stop me. Nobody! I will send my own father to jail if he breaks the law."

The Filipinos have reason to cheer the rise of Ramon Magsaysay, and the U.S. has reason to be a sympathetic onlooker. For the infant republic of the Philippines is the great, and unfinished, U.S. experiment in transplanting democracy. In its tropical laboratory, among the dying roots of colonialism and the lushly growing thickets of communism, the U.S. brand of freedom is being tested in the Orient.

Americans stumbled into the Philippines in their sleep. They awoke one morning in May, 1898, to learn that Commodore George Dewey had steamed his four cruisers and two gunboats into Manila

bay and said, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley."

At that point, many Americans heard President McKinley trying to set his own mind straight. "When I realized that the Philippines had dropped into our laps, I confess I did not know what to do with them. I went down on my knees and prayed almighty God for light and guidance." McKinley thought that the U. S. should annex the islands; he thought it was the U.S.'s duty to "Christianize" and civilize a nation that had been devoutly Catholic for 200 years before the U. S. was born.

In the 1920's, the U. S. was talking of giving "our little brown brothers" their independence. Powerful U. S. interests (sugar, tobacco, dairy, cottonseed and peanut oil, the West Coast labor unions) objected to the rivalry of cheap Filipino products and cheap Filipino labor. They were joined by U. S. liberals who squirmed when Filipinos quoted U. S. doctrine back to them—i.e., that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. The U. S. gave the Philippines partial independence in 1935, and set the date of complete independence for 1946.

Not until the deed was done did the shortcomings of the great experiment become clear. U. S. rule had done good, but it had recognized old Spanish land grants. Many of them were dubious, and they gave a few favored families

a stranglehold. Free trade with the U.S. had given the Philippines the bloom of apparent health, but it was a hectic flush: the islands were not prepared to stand on their own economic feet. The sugar kings and wealthy traders had prospered, but thousands of tenant farmers were left in discontented peonage. The seed of freedom had sprouted, but the soil of order on which freedom must grow had been neglected. Above all, in setting a target date for independence so far in advance, the U.S. had not reckoned on the 2nd World War.

When the promised Independence day came, on July 4, 1946, the Philippines were one great wound of war. Manila was more than 50% destroyed. Everywhere schools, factories, plantations were in ruins.

There was hardly a Filipino family that had not lost at least one member in the war. Three years of Japanese occupation had changed the moral climate of the country. The Filipinos believed it necessary and patriotic to cheat, deceive, rob, even kill. The strongest Filipino leaders (e.g., Manuel Quezon) had died. But the U.S., and Filipino politicians, had gone too far to turn back on a promise. So the day of independence came.

Washington helped the infant republic with war-damage dollars, war surplus, ECA bequests, RFC loans, millions in back pay to Filipino soldiers and guerrillas. Altogether the U.S., in six years, put

\$2 billion into the Philippines. But the money flowed in without proper planning or proper safeguards. Instead of going into the mouths or onto the backs of Filipinos, U.S. surplus and relief goods slid from one speculator and profiteer to another. It was a poor trader who could not triple or quadruple his investment in pencils, tractors or derricks.

The rich got richer and the poor got poorer. Wages for common laborers in Manila stayed at \$1 to \$3 a day, while the cost of living rose to a point almost three times that of Chicago. In the provinces, landlords continued to take 70% of the crops for themselves, getting interest of 100% to 200% on loans to tenants who were already so deeply in debt that their grandsons would not own enough land to live on.

In a democracy, representatives are representative; and the Philippine Congress inhaled the general air of corruption. House Speaker Eugenio Perez, boss of the Liberal party, became chief of the spoils system. Party funds, for which no accounting is required, are in his keeping. To win votes, he has Chinese immigration visas to give his congressional colleagues. Each is worth \$2,000 to \$3,000 at the nearest cafe.

When the commissioner of customs recently tried to cut expenses by firing 180 excess employees, he was bombarded into retreat by the protests of Congressmen. For im-

porters, heavy tips to customs agents are a necessity.

Under such pressures, the Filipino economy began to crumble. In the Hong Kong open market, the peso fell from two for \$1 (par) to four for \$1. Most schoolteachers and many soldiers were not paid regularly. Unable to find work in the cities or make a decent living on the land, more and more Filipinos took to the hills of Luzon, to join the Huks. Once an admired guerrilla army that had fought the hated Japanese, the Huks had been taken over by the communists. As discontent grew, the Huks grew with it.

By mid-1950 they roamed at will over much of Luzon. In some places they levied taxes, ran their own schools and newspapers, and maintained a string of "production centers." They had the help and sympathy of thousands of villagers who found them less objectionable than the government itself. Their politburo met under the nose of the government in Manila and boldly drew up a "strategic plan for the seizure of national power." At this point, the display in "the show window of democracy" looked pretty shabby.

But the press was still free and critical, the inaudible masses were eager for something better, and there were still a few politicians unbehoden and uncorrupted. Among them was Magsaysay.

He had studied engineering at the University of the Philippines,

earning his way as a chauffeur. Later he had taken a job as mechanic in a bus company, and wound up as its manager. At the outbreak of the war, he went to work in the motor pool of the U.S. 31st division, and ended the war as commander of a guerrilla army of 10,000.

In 1950, as chairman of the House National Defense committee, he attacked his own party, the Liberals, demanding an end to politics in the army, a real fight against the Huks, and a cleanup of the evils that gave them strength. When Boss Perez tried to quiet him with a few Chinese visas or some campaign donations, Magsaysay tossed them back at him. When politicians kept him from buying Quonset huts he needed as schoolhouses, he gathered some of his wartime guerrillas, raided a surplus dump and made off with 140 huts. Later he paid for them, 50 centavos (25¢) apiece, the price he figured the profiteer who owned them had paid in the first place.

His goings-on caught the eyes of Manila's newspapers, who supported him, and of U.S. officials (including able Ambassador Myron M. Cowen), who keeps a fatherly eye on the young republic. It was at U.S. urging that Quirino put through needed economic reforms, so that in one year, tax revenues increased by 70%. Quirino also pushed through a new minimum-wage law, which increased the pay

of 90% of Filipino wage earners. The U.S. also diplomatically persuaded Quirino that a cleanup of the army and constabulary was overdue, and that Congressman Magsaysay was just the man for it.

Magsaysay got the job. He moved the Defense Department out of downtown Manila to suburban Camp Murphy, to get it away from the pressures of politicians. Trained to the simple life (he doesn't drink or smoke, and has never succumbed to the Filipino weakness for gambling), he picked out a modest, one-story cottage at the camp for himself, Luz and their three children. He combed the army for bumbling or corrupt officers and promoted the good ones.

His army now numbers 40,000 men, and some 10,000 reinforcements from the R.O.T.C. and reserves. It is no longer a demoralized, politics-racked conglomeration that couldn't fight its way out of a bamboo hut with a howitzer. It is respectable and respected. It is a revitalized force, with one mission, "Kill Huks."

In a C-47 called *Pag-aso* (Tagalog for *hope*), he toured the islands, dropping in unannounced on one army outpost after another; in regions *Pag-aso* could not reach, he traveled by car or carabao cart. He gave the soldiers better food, better quarters, promise of advancement. At one post he went out with a patrol to do a little Huk-shooting himself. At another he found

soldiers sleeping without blankets. He routed the officers out of bed and made them distribute blankets. "It is the soldier who carries the gun and risks his life," said Magsaysay. "I must treat him like my own son. He eats before I eat."

To the demoralized population in Huk country, Magsaysay sent civil officers to explain the new army and to solicit their support. He posted rewards for Huks dead or alive, and saw to it that they were paid. But the claimants had to submit proof, preferably a photograph.

He went after the Huks with their own tricks and cunning. They dressed their fighters in women's clothes; so did Magsaysay. They picked at army communications with phony messages and fake letters; Magsaysay disrupted their communications even more with the same tactics and with sharp, well-planned forays.

But most important of all, he struck at the source of the Huk strength, the social conditions that had made them what they were. He sent out word that all who surrendered would be spared, and offered each Huk ten hectares (about 25 acres) and a government-built house in the lush, underpopulated island of Mindanao.

"They are fighting the government because they want a house and land of their own," said Magsaysay. "All right, they can stop fighting, because I will give it to them. And if they are not satisfied

with that, by golly, I have another big deal for them. I am going to set up a carpentry shop and let the Huks run it." The Huks began to come in, at first a trickle, then by the hundreds. Many signed up with Magsaysay as special anti-Huk commando teams ("When I turned over arms and ammunition to them, I wondered to myself if I was doing right.") Some 400 made off to the new promised land of Mindanao.

The Huks are still a force to be reckoned with. But they are no longer a threat to Manila, or (in daytime) along the main highways through central Luzon. Six of the Huk politburo are in jail. When Magsaysay took over, the Huks numbered an estimated 16,000. Now he claims there are only 8,000. Swashbuckling Luis Taruc, the dyed-in-the-Red general of the rebellion, is still at large, but with Magsaysay's 100,000-peso price on

his head, he reportedly has become so nervous and distrustful of his own comrades that he will let only his immediate family approach him.

For a country sorely in need of both policemen and statesmen, Magsaysay has proved to be a great cop. Has he the makings of a statesman, too? It is still too early to tell. But some of his countrymen are already calling him "the Eisenhower of the Pacific." When he showed up on Manila's docks recently, the crowd mobbed him and sent up a chant, "*Mabuhay* (long live) Magsaysay, our next President!"

Whatever happens to Magsaysay, he is teaching his country an invaluable lesson, a lesson which is still being learned, in Asia, in the Middle East, in Africa, where millions have recently won their freedom, sometimes before they are ready for it.

The lesson is that real freedom can exist only with order.



Domain of St. Christopher

A JEEPNEY is a public conveyance peculiar to Manila. It consists of a jeep chassis on top of which has somehow been planted a body large enough to seat 11 passengers, on two benches facing each other. I have not yet seen one without a picture of some saint, the blessed Virgin or Christ Himself. The little picture was always there, usually framed, quite dirty—but clearly a very vital accessory, once you have experienced the thrill of a jeepney ride through this sprawling city. The little shrine behind the windshield gives you a chance to say your prayers as the car skims at breakneck speed through the heavy traffic of Manila's business district.

Hans R. Reinhardt in the *Swiss Review of World Affairs* (Jan. '52).

The Cop Who Stops Suicides

*It's hard to kill yourself in New York
when Officer Christensen knows
what you're up to*

By SID ROSS and ERNEST LA FRANCE
Condensed from *Parade**



DON'T come any closer, or I'll jump!"

High up in the steelwork of New York's towering Queensborough bridge, a man named Elden James McCue hysterically threatened to commit suicide by plunging to the East river, 500 feet below.

Edging up a steel ladder was one of New York's emergency-squad cops, Patrolman Harold Christensen. Below him were his squad partner, Patrolman Dan Mangan, a priest, and more police. On the bridge, an ambulance waited, red lights blinking. In the river, a police launch circled, waiting for the death drop.

McCue wildly waved them back and leaned out over empty space. Christensen stopped climbing. He hooked his 245-pound frame around the ladder. Seconds ticked off.

Then slowly, very slowly, he raised his head and looked up. "Say, Buddy," he softly called, "what's

your name? What you doing up here, huh?"

Through binoculars, spectators on Welfare Island saw McCue draw back and start to talk. Then for half an hour, dangling between river and sky, Christensen wheedled, blustered, and argued. Finally, helped by Father Joseph McGowan, he grabbed McCue. Other police forced him into a life belt and lowered him to the bridge floor. What might have been one of America's 16,000 suicides a year didn't happen.

To Christensen, it was just part of the day's work. As a member of Emergency Squad 4 (New York has seven such squads), his job is saving lives. He may be called upon to free a child wedged in a fence or to jack up a subway train when someone is hit.

In 15 years, he has gone on more than 500 suicide calls, including "jumpers" like McCue; wrist slashers; sleeping pill, iodine, gas, and hanging cases; subway jumpers;

and even a few cases of people trying to drown in the bathtub. He has talked four persons out of jumping, failed once, and has risked his own life at least 100 times. Boston-born, a professional steeplejack before he joined the police, he has what it takes: strength, ability, and an out-of-towner's insight into the minds of people frustrated by the Big City. His most valuable asset is an ability to "chat" for hours.

In the McCue case, Christensen used the full range of psychology to try to "talk him down." When he asked McCue his name, he got no answer. "Listen, Bud," he wheedled, "think of me! This bridge is my beat. If you go and jump, I'll get five days' fine taken outa my pay. I got four little mouths to feed back home."

McCue disdainfully threw him his wallet. It contained no money. Christensen changed his tack. "Aw, is that your trouble? No dough? Say, I bet you didn't eat lately. Tell you what, let's go get a couple hamburgers with onions!"

That didn't work. In the wallet Christensen found a poem. "What's this, Jim?" he asked, climbing up another rung on the ladder. "Say, I like poetry, too. Let me come up and read you some I wrote!"

McCue warned, "I'll jump!" and Christensen retreated.

"You a Catholic, Jim?" he asked confidentially. "Father," he called down, "I think he's a Catholic. See what you can do with him." Chris-

tensen let the priest go up. As McCue's attention was diverted by the priest, Christensen crept up, and grabbed him.

Christensen's first "jumper" was a retired garment manufacturer who perched himself on an 18th-floor ledge of a famous hotel. There was another emergency car there when Christensen arrived.

"Here was this man, about 55 years old," he remembers, "sitting on the ledge. He wouldn't let a cop come near him." Christensen took off his gun, hat, and police shirt and tried to pose as a porter. The "victim" wasn't fooled.

As an experiment, they got a pretty secretary to offer the old man a cup of coffee. When he reached in the window to get it, Christensen grabbed him.

His one failure (shared by more than 40 other police) was the tragic John William Warde case in 1938. Warde, a good-looking youth of 26, had tried to commit suicide twice before. Shortly before noon, on a hot July day, he had gone to a hotel near 5th Ave. to visit his sister. After announcing that he was going to jump, he walked out on a 17th-floor ledge.

By nightfall, a crowd estimated at 50,000 had jammed into the street below. Christensen and a traffic cop took turns trying to "talk him in," while firemen struggled to rig a cargo net below.

"First, you learn the name," says Christensen. "Then you keep talk-

ing." They talked about football, baseball, backgammon, dates, and families. Several times, they almost touched hands with Warde when they passed him cigarettes. They passed out a phone to let him talk to his mother. They passed notes from his sister.

After nightfall, when searchlights and flares lit up the building, they thought they were winning. But Warde jumped at about 11 p.m., and managed to miss the net.

Christensen's oddest job was clambering around a church roof after a utility-company executive in May, 1943. The executive, 38, well off, and apparently untroubled, was walking past Holy Trinity church with his wife when he dashed away. A few minutes later, he appeared on the roof, and somehow ran up the slippery slates to a dizzy peak 90 feet above the street.

Christensen, trying to follow him, slithered and slid as the man threatened to jump. "The amazing thing," he says, "was this business executive climbing around like a human fly!"

He finally got close enough to learn that the man's name was Harold. "Why, my name is Harry, too!" said Harold Christensen.

The man relaxed. "Say," said Christensen, "what you doing up there? Have a fight with the wife? Come on down and I'll fix it all up."

Finding that the man had a son named Peter, and was a Giant fan,

Christensen talked about both. "Harry, who's going to teach Pete to play ball if you jump? You can't let the kid down!" He offered to take the executive, his wife, and Peter out to dinner and talk baseball.

After getting him to write a note to his wife (frantically waiting in a near-by drugstore), Christensen said, "Come on, Harry, let's stop wasting time or we'll miss the game at Ebbets Field." The executive slid down the roof, and was led calmly away.

At 44, Christensen has about two more years before retirement.

Over the years, Christensen has worked out some rules. "If you should ever find yourself confronting a would-be suicide," he says, "remember these suggestions.

"Take all suicide threats seriously. The old belief that 'people who talk about it never do it' can be tragically false.

"The first hour is the important one. Most suicides are prevented within minutes.

"Don't appeal to a suicide's personal welfare. They usually think they have thought everything out.

"Try to find a common bond, and talk about it. Keep on talking. Few people commit suicide while they are listening. . . ."

"I think sometimes," says Christensen, "God gave me a fine gift. It's wonderful to know you've saved someone for a kid or wife or husband."

The Lost Armies of Poland

*243,000 Poles kept fighting after
their nation had been given away*



By EUGENE LYONS

FLAGS of all the Allied nations flew proudly over the Victory march on June 8, 1946, 13 months after Germany's surrender. The mood in London was one of high rejoicing. Yet there was a rift within the lute. Everyone was uncomfortably, guiltily, aware of an absent guest.

The Polish forces were not represented. Though they had fought and died gallantly in nearly every campaign on land and sea and in the air, there was no place for them in the Victory parade! This in the capital which Polish airmen had helped to save in the Battle of Britain. This at a time when tens of thousands of Polish veterans were living in the United Kingdom.

The general discomfiture was voiced by Winston Churchill. "I deeply regret," he declared in a formal statement, "that none of the Polish troops . . . who poured out their blood in the common cause are to be allowed to march in the Victory parade. They will be in our thoughts that day. We shall

never forget their bravery and martial skill, associated with our own glories at Tobruk, at Cassino, at Arnhem."

The government had saluted "the magnificent services" of the Polish forces but, alas, could not "see their way to arrange for them to be represented in the march." The reason, of course, did not have to be spelled out. The Polish heroes were being barred and insulted to spare the tender feelings of the Soviet Union.

Time has not healed that wound of conscience in what remains of the free world. It is festering. The lost armies of Poland—robbed of the fruits of their victories, homeless, their country in chains—continue to haunt us. As sharply as ever, their tragic fate stands out as the symbol of the peace we lost. Because it sums up the blunders and cynical betrayals of the postwar years, the story needs to be retold from time to time.

At the time the Second Polish

army corps was fighting with British and American troops in Italy, a New York *Times* reporter at the scene described it as "perhaps the greatest jailbreakers' club in history."

He was alluding to the fact that about half those men had escaped from prisons and concentration camps in Germany, from nazi-occupied Poland, from internment camps in Rumania and Hungary, to join their armies-in-exile. Nearly all the rest had served time in Soviet forced-labor camps and prisons during the 22 months of the Hitler-Stalin pact. Even their commander, General Wladyslaw Anders, had been in a slimy cellar of the Lyublyanka, Moscow secret-police headquarters, up to the very day he assumed command of a Polish army on Russian soil.

Certainly the Poles made up the most remarkable fighting forces in the Allied coalition. For all other soldiers the great adventure of war had begun when they enlisted or were conscripted. But nearly all the Poles had been through great adventures before they reached recruitment centers. They had risked their lives for the chance to fight before risking them again on battle fronts.

Among them were no conscripts. They had flowed together from all points on the compass to make armies, navies and air forces. Singly and in tiny groups, they had stolen across nazi-held territories, through

forests, over mountains, across hostile frontiers, to join Polish contingents in the Middle East or France, later in Italy or North Africa. Thousands had trekked from Siberia or Arctic wildernesses, ragged and starved and fevered, to reach Polish training grounds east of the Volga or in Uzbekistan—only to be driven forth once more, by the Kremlin's whim, to Iran.

A Polish general was talking to an American newspaperman at a brigade mess in Italy, soon after the dramatic Polish victory at Monte Cassino. "In 1939," he said, "just like all Poles, I fought the Germans and later escaped to France, where I commanded a division of grenadiers. I got to France across Hungary and Yugoslavia after escaping from a prison camp disguised as a priest."

Another officer matched this account with his own. He had broken out of a prisoners' camp in Germany and bicycled to Italy. Then he walked 123 days to Yugoslavia, and finally escaped through the German lines in Greece to the Polish army in Palestine.

These were stories typical for Polish veterans of Tobruk and Cassino; for the Polish flyers then pounding the Reich as part of RAF formations; for Polish sailors who had stolen their ships out of the Baltic sea and were now in British naval units. However roundabout their route, all believed they were heading for their native land.

Though it took them thousands of miles from Poland, they felt they were fighting their way back to a liberated homeland. And in this faith they were sustained by solemn commitments by all Allied statesmen.

POLAND could easily have bought a reprieve from devastation at the price of dishonor, by submitting as Austria and Czechoslovakia had submitted. She chose to resist and was therefore the first to suffer the crushing impact of a blitzkrieg. Attacked without warning, overwhelmingly outnumbered and outgunned, Poland fought for 30 days—in the seventeenth of which the Red army struck from the rear and grabbed its half of the mangled nation.

Even before the end of formal hostilities inside Poland, General Wladyslaw Sikorski was fashioning a Polish army on French soil from fugitive remnants of his beaten nation and Polish volunteers living abroad. Its numbers grew as "jail-breakers" streamed in from all directions. A substantial part of the Polish air force personnel managed to get to France, to become the nucleus of a splendid fighting force. At the same time, a batch of Polish destroyers, submarines, and other units succeeded in reaching English harbors.

One of Sikorski's brigades of mountain troops was rushed to Norway, where it recaptured An-

kenes from the Germans in the Narvik operations. About 80,000 Poles took part in the foredoomed defense of France. Assigned to a number of the most difficult positions, they fought, as one historian put it, "as if they were defending their own country." One Polish division sustained 45% casualties in action.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the continent, Polish fugitives streamed towards the Middle East. They came on foot, often barefoot, or in purloined cars, stealing or shooting their way through nazified areas and across the Balkans. The Polish Carpathian Brigade, under General Kopanski, was hammered out in Syria and transferred to Palestine after the debacle in France.

Fifty thousand Polish troops in France could not be accounted for—until most of them showed up in French resistance operations in the following years. But 24,000 were evacuated to the British Isles. For a second time General Sikorski began to shape up an army from these survivors and remnants of the Norwegian campaign, reinforced by influx of escaped Poles from the continent and volunteers among emigrants, including some hundreds of American Poles.

The Carpathian Brigade, swelled to division size, was thrown into the scale in Egypt and Libya. It joined the "Desert Rats" in the brilliant months-long defense of

Tobruk and supported the British 8th Army offensive at El Garata.

It is not well enough known that among the "so few" who saved "so many" when the Luftwaffe struck at England, Polish airmen were a decisive element. The Kosciusko Squadron and other outfits, as well as Polish officers in British formations, accounted for 273 enemy aircraft, 15% of the total brought down. Air Chief Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas, years later, in recalling "the little band of young men who saved us, and, perhaps the world, in the Battle of Britain," attested that "among the best of them were the Polish fighter pilots."

The cream of the Polish fighting forces had been carried off in 1939-40 into bleak captivity by the Soviet invaders: 180,000 officers and men according to Soviet admissions, but in truth closer to 300,000. Soon after the Nazis invasion of Russia, Stalin agreed to an amnesty and the organization of a Polish Army from these captives. Lavrenti Beria, head of the NKVD, appeared personally at the Lyublyanka to inform the sick and tortured Anders that he had been designated to command this force.

From concentration camps throughout the Soviet Union tens of thousands of released prisoners streamed to the parched prairies beyond the Volga—to Tock, Buzuluk, later to Uzbekistan—where the survivors of horror camps pitched their tents. Only another Dante

could do justice to the macabre picture: this horde of famished, emaciated men, this ghost army of skeletons in tatters. Before they could be drilled, they had to be fattened up and doctored; thousands of them died of exhaustion and disease after their enlistment.

General Anders had counted confidently upon an abundance of officers. At least 10,000, from generals down, were known to have been prisoners in Stalin's hands. They had been confined in three special camps in European Russia. But months passed and only a few hundred officers straggled in. The rest, as we now know, had been slaughtered like cattle in Katyn Forest and other places.

From the outset it became evident that the Kremlin had no intention of allowing Anders to organize an effective force. The skimpy equipment and food rations assigned to the Soviets were barely enough to sustain a single division. Every Polish offer to join the fighting Russian fronts was rejected. Already the far-seeing Soviet dictator was maneuvering for the future absorption of Poland, at no cost in Russian lives.

After much bitter haggling, Polish leaders agreed to the Kremlin's proposal that the half-starved, half-armed forces be evacuated to Iran. Eight thousand men were sent to reinforce the Polish contingents in Britain, and the rest were consolidated with the Carpathian forma-

tion in the Middle East. Equipped by the British, reorganized and retrained, these troops emerged as the Second Corps, better known as the Anders Army and destined to cover itself with glory in Italy. With the death of Sikorski in an airplane crash in Gibraltar, General Anders became commander-in-chief.

At the end of 1943 his army, consisting of two infantry divisions and a tank brigade, disembarked in Italy. Polish commandos, working with British commandos and American Rangers, had preceded them. In the spring of 1944 the Second Corps was placed on the left flank of the British 8th Army, facing Monte Cassino on the enemy's Gustav line. It was on the threshold of its great hour.

POLISH vessels were involved in many vital operations. They had been with the forces pursuing the *Bismarck*, in the deadly convoy runs to Murmansk, the Dieppe assault, the North African landings. Polish air squadrons, similarly, were taking part in most of the important aerial operations. But it took the Italian campaign to arouse the world to a full awareness of the Polish contribution.

Some of Hitler's choicest troops, manning a highly fortified semi-circle of mountains, blocked Highway Six to Rome. Since January, American, British, Indian and New Zealand forces had been storming the ramparts only to be hurled

back with fearful losses. In the last days of March, the Allies battered a path to within 300 yards of monastery Hill but were obliged to retreat under murderous fire.

Then, on May 12, the Anders Army went into action. The struggle was bloody and seemingly hopeless. On the third day the decimated divisions withdrew, only to regroup and renew the battle. "A savage animal struggle," one reporter called it, in which "not a single able-bodied prisoner was taken by either side on the slopes leading to Abbey Hill." The Poles scaled the hills with bare hands in a hail of German shells. They hauled anti-tank guns up steep crags in the night hours. The seriously wounded continued to fight. When munitions gave out, they gathered abandoned German arms, especially hand grenades, and kept on fighting.

On the 18th the Polish flag was hoisted over Monte Cassino, and the following morning Massa Alboneta, a nearby peak, was conquered. After four and a half months, the decisive breach in the Gustav Line was accomplished, enabling the Allies to move forward toward the Eternal City. "The Poles had flung themselves against apparently impregnable positions—and had taken them," a British dispatch reported. General Alexander proclaimed: "This is a proud day for Poland, and I salute the Polish flag which now flies proudly from the ruins

of the Abbey of Monte Cassino."

The victorious corps, transferred to the Adriatic, captured the port of Ancona and continued to distinguish itself in the drive northward, soon overshadowed by the Normandy invasion. It was then that their sacrifices were rewarded with humiliations.

Early in 1945 the Anders Army, like Poles the world over, learned of the decision of Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin at their Yalta meeting to yield half of Poland—everything east of the so-called Curzon Line—to the Soviets. General Mark Clark has stated that "the result was something akin to panic in the Polish corps."

General Anders called on the American commander on March 2 in an angry and baffled mood. Already, in a letter to the British commander, he had expressed his sense of betrayal at Yalta and asked to be relieved of his front-line command. Now he spoke bluntly to the American general. The majority of the Polish second corps had their homes and families in eastern Poland. Even while fighting in the common cause, they had in effect been surrendered to a hated foreign master.

Imagine half of the U.S., say everything west of the Mississippi, turned over to a foreign dictator. How would American troops in Europe and Asia have felt about it? That is how the Polish forces felt. There was little Clark could say, ex-

cept to plead that the Polish corps was indispensable to military plans in Italy. In the end Anders flew to London, where his government-in-exile, with heavy heart, decided that he should continue to fight notwithstanding. On April 20, 1945, the Anders Army and the U.S. Fifth Army met in the center of Bologna. All Allied accounts have agreed that Polish help was decisive in the entire Italian campaign.

While the Second corps had fought off the Italian boot, Polish forces in England were eagerly gearing for the invasion of Europe. In France, independent groups of Poles working with the *maquis* awaited their countrymen arriving by ship and parachute. The First Polish Parachute brigade distinguished itself in hard and costly contests for the Falaise Gap. Polish troops won laurels in a series of engagements climaxed by the Battle of Arnhem. Despite piled-up evidence that their fatherland was being bartered away in appeasement deals, they stuck to the united front against the nazis to the end.

Whether in Italy or France, the Poles naturally thought of invasion of the mainland as a stage in their cherished dream of home. The paratroopers adopted combat slogans expressive of their passionate yearning: "The first in Poland," "By the shortest route," and the like. It was therefore in bottomless anguish that they received the news of grim events in their country.

An uprising of the underground Home Army in Warsaw, though encouraged by Soviet propaganda, was being drowned in blood while the Red Army, only a few miles away, did nothing to help. Worse, Stalin even denied the use of his bases to American and British airmen eager to supply the insurgents.

Thus at the very end of the war, as at its start, Poland was double-crossed by its Soviet neighbor. In the first instance the crime was abetted by Hitler, in the last it had been prepared by the Churchill-Roosevelt sellout at Yalta. The climactic betrayal was more thorough than the Polish warriors, dying by the thousand alongside their American and British comrades, could know. Without consulting them, Anglo-American statesmen had given Red imperialism the right of way for total dominion over all Poland.

POLISH armies-in-exile had won their war and lost their country. Most of them could not or would not return to a homeland, half of which had been swallowed by the Soviets, the other half dominated by Kremlin stooges. "We fought," General Anders wrote on June 1, 1946, "so that our people could be master of their own house," as promised "in the most difficult moments of the war by our Allies, bound to us by public and definite treaties of alliance."

In recognition of his Cassino vic-

tory, King George VI had conferred upon Anders the Order of the Bath. Moscow, at the war's end, conferred upon him the title of "war criminal." Small wonder that the majority of the men whom he had led now resisted Moscow blandishments and British propaganda to return to Poland.

Within the limits of the Great Betrayal, the Futile Appeasement, the British government did what it could to repay its debt of conscience to the 243,000 Polish troops under its command at the end of hostilities. It opened its doors to those who rejected repatriation, and helped most of them make a new start. Nearly all those who chose to go back home—an estimated 113,000—were from the western half of Poland, where the hope of free elections still flickered.

But the majority came to England through a Polish resettlement corps set up in May, 1946. From Italy, Germany, France and other points of their tragic dispersal, about 114,000 reached the United Kingdom in 1946-47, many of them with families. Some have since migrated to Canada, South America and other areas. About 10,000 have reluctantly returned to Poland. Of the rest, some 75,000 have found employment in British economy.

During the war it was often said that Poland is the test of democracy. For those who fought with the lost armies of Poland, that is still the test.

Quit Feeling Sorry for Yourself

If you are your own problem, you have the answer

By PRISCILLA JAQUITH
AND DR. ANNE L. CLARK

Condensed from *Everywoman's**

Anne L. Clark holds an M.D. degree from the Boston University School of Medicine. She is former senior psychiatrist of Bellevue hospital, New York City.

CAN you think of anything worse than to have a husband who loves you, three charming children, a beautiful home, a full-time maid, a car—and still be miserable all the time? That's what self-pity does to one friend of mine."

"But that doesn't make sense, Dr. Clark."

"Self-pity never does. Yet it's the most common and destructive emotion in the world. It makes all of us miserable once in a while."

"But your friend, the lucky girl who has everything, why is she sorry for herself?"

"For a reason that would astonish her; because she wants to be a wife and a mother and still stay as carefree as a little child."

"But that's really impossible."



"Exactly. So, no matter how richly life rewards her, she is never satisfied."

"Well, that's unusual, isn't it? I mean, most of us don't have such crazy reasons for self-pity, do we?"

"On the contrary, most of us do. Self-pity, you see, isn't related to reality. It's based on great expectations. I don't mean for material things like cars, houses or money. But for things like this: that once we're married we'll never have any more troubles; that we can get work done without ever having to work; that we don't have to grow up.

"It's about as close to nonsense as we'll ever come. I don't mean that we really expect to achieve these ends. As a matter of fact, most of us aren't even aware we have such notions. The thinking part of our mind realizes they're absurd, and won't accept them. Even so, they seep through from the subconscious and color our whole lives.

"Self-pity is like cocaine. It's habit-forming. You know, doctors usually say you shouldn't repress your feelings. But we break the rule for self-pity. Don't give in to it, we advise. Bottle it up."

"I'm sure you're right. When I was out West recently, a friend who had moved there a few years earlier confessed that she'd found her new home unbearable at first. 'And then,' she told me, 'one day I got a real shock. I overheard my little girl talking to her dolls. All she was uttering were complaints. I started to scold her; and then I came to. I realized I was hearing myself.'

"Your friend was lucky. Many of us never get such an insight. We go right on complaining without even realizing we're doing it. And that's sad. Because we can't do anything about self-pity unless we realize that it's spoiling our lives.

"Once we recognize self-pity, we can do something about it."

"How?"

"Well, before we go into that, I'd like to talk about the other big reason for self-pity—dissatisfaction in love. A few years ago, an acquaintance of mine married a man some years older than herself. She was very much in love with him, very affectionate. At first, he was, too. But after a while he began to avoid her.

"She began to feel sorry for herself, for all sorts of reasons. She had a headache; she couldn't afford

a new coat; her husband was late to dinner. Her self-pity really came from her unhappy love life but it was diffused into a general state and cropped out in all sorts of ways."

"And a lot of us are like her?"

"Unquestionably. Some of us, of course, are at the opposite pole. We feel our husbands treat us as chattels to be used for their convenience. This gives us a diffused self-pity, too. But whichever our trouble, we can do something about it."

"What?"

"The girl I mentioned talked things over frankly with her husband. At the same time, she tried to make herself more attractive with a new hair-do, a facial and new clothes. And she also tried to decide in her own mind whether she was asking too much of her husband. After all, he did have exacting work; possibly she was expecting too much."

"Are there any other reasons for self-pity, Dr. Clark?"

"The two other big ones really fall into the class of absurd demands: the expectation that we'll never have to grow up and accept responsibility and that we'll never grow old. Just think of the girls you know who are always running home to mother after a spat with their husbands. They unconsciously look for the same loving concern from their husbands that they got from their mothers. Naturally, they're disappointed—and sorry for themselves.

Are You a Self-Pityer?

If you'd like to know whether you're one of the thousands who are letting self-pity spoil your life, ask yourself these questions. Score 10 for each Yes to the A queries; 10 for each No to the B queries. If your score totals 20 or less, you're lucky; self-pity is no problem to you. If it's 50 or less, you indulge in self-pity often enough to boost your happiness considerably by ridding yourself of the habit. If it's above 50, you're a self-pityer. But there's hope. Anyone who wants to, can get rid of the misery-maker and let in happiness.

1. When you take a trip
 - A. Do you think only of the trouble of packing?
 - B. Do you think of the fun ahead?
2. When you see your child's room littered with toys
 - A. Do you think only of the chore of picking up?
 - B. Do you think of what a lovely time he had playing?
3. When your husband brings company home unexpectedly for dinner
 - A. Do you regard it only as an inconvenience?
 - B. Are you glad he feels free to bring guests home?
4. When you empty your vacuum cleaner
 - A. Do you feel annoyed that it is full of dirt?
 - B. Do you think it's a fine machine to clean so thoroughly?
5. When your children and husband make demands on your time
 - A. Do you think you never have a moment to call your own?
 - B. Do you think it's nice to be wanted?

"Oddly enough, the other big self-pityers are mothers whose children have left home and who feel that they have nothing left to live for.

"Obviously, we can't change the facts, but in any situation where we feel sorry for ourselves, we should see if something can't be done.

"If you're sorry for yourself because you're overworked, can you get your mother to take care of the children for an hour or so? If it's because you had to put up jelly,

can't you buy jelly instead? If you demand it of yourself, then it's irrational to feel self-pity. If you're sorry for yourself because it's a rainy day, isn't there something you can do for fun?

"Action is the big remedy for self-pity—action and a determination to get rid of that misery-making attitude.

"It's a real problem, you know. People have been struggling with it for centuries. But at least today we know how to banish it."

How Not to be Bamboozled

There are two simple ways of defeating the 34 dishonest tricks used in persuasion

By RUDOLF FLESCH

Condensed from *The Art of Clear Thinking**



APRESENT-DAY writer on logic, Professor Robert H. Thouless, says there are 34 dishonest tricks that can be used against you in argument. It is hard to defend yourself. Nobody can live in today's world of propaganda and advertising and carefully spot each trick by name.

I think your most practical defense is to use two labels, one for irrelevant points that should be dismissed and one for relevant points that are missing. Let's keep these labels simple. Let's call one of them "So what?" and the other "Specify." Armed with these two labels you can catch nearly all fallacious advertising and trick propaganda.

"So what?" ads are perhaps more common than "Specify" ads. Advertisers love the prestige argument, and we are told day in and day out who uses what. Rita Hayworth uses Pan-Stik (So what?), Ava Gardner uses Lux (So what?), the Countess of Carnarvon uses Angel

Face Make-Up (And so what?).

"Specify" ads are all those that refer in general terms to the qualities or indirect effects of a product. Advertisers, for example, never specify why you should drink one whisky rather than another. One is "America's mildest," another is "gentle in taste," a third has "good taste through the years."

The perfume ads are of the same kind. One perfume "makes you want to fall in love," another is "drumming in his heart . . . burning in his soul," a third, Black Panther, is described this way: "The slumbering fire of Black Panther attacks a man's heart—attacks a woman's—until the two hearts merge in a flame of ecstasy. Wear this new perfume for an unforgettable evening . . . but only if you dare risk the danger and dark delight of stirring primitive emotions. At all ten-cent stores."

But all these ads, you'll say, hardly make an argument worth think-

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212 pp. \$2.75.

ing about. The fact is, few ads do. Only once in awhile an ad appears that really deserves logical analysis. One of those is a television dealers' ad that appeared in November, 1950, newspapers and made quite a stir. All over the country letters to the editor and editorials said it was "offensive," "blackmail," "cruel pressure," "in bad taste," and "unmitigated nonsense." Why did people care? What got them so excited? What made the ad so powerfully effective? Let's look at it.

THERE ARE SOME THINGS A SON OR DAUGHTER WON'T TELL YOU

"Aw gee, pop, why can't we get a television set?" You've heard that. But there's more you won't hear. *Do you expect a seven-year-old to find words for the loneliness he's feeling?*

He may complain — "The kids were mean and wouldn't play with me!" Do you expect him to blurt out the truth—that he's really ashamed to be with the gang—that *he feels left out because he doesn't see the television shows they see, know the things they know?*

You can tell someone about a bruised finger. How can a little girl describe a bruise deep inside? *No, your daughter won't ever tell you the humiliation she's felt in begging those precious hours of television from a neighbor.*

You give your child's body

all the sunshine and fresh air and vitamins you can. *How about sunshine for his morale? How about vitamins for his mind?* Educators agree—television is all that and more for a growing child.

When television means so much more to a child than entertainment alone, can you deny it to your family any longer?

Is this a persuasive argument? You bet it is. When I read it, I had three small children in the house and no television set. The ad was aimed straight at me and even I could feel its hot breath.

But if you are armed with the weapons of "So what?" and "Specify," even a powerful ad like this won't hurt you. First you take the main appeal, the children's complaints, and classify that. It's a pure arousal of pity: with the ad went a picture of a boy and girl in tears. The answer is: So what? So what if your small children pester you to buy a television set? Do they know anything about what is involved? Do they have the judgment to assess the quality of television programs? Do they have the experience to compare them with other forms of entertainment? Do they know anything about the cost of a television set? Do they know what it would do to the family budget? The answer to all these questions is clearly No. Of course they are

after you to buy a set, just as they want a lot of other expensive things that happen to catch their fancy. But so what?

And now let's ask the advertisers to specify their statements. Specify the percentage of children who feel humiliated because they see television at the neighbor's. Specify what research produced those data. Specify just how important all this is for the child's morale. Specify what you mean by "vitamins for the child's mind." Specify those television programs that fit this classification. Specify the ratio of those programs to all others. Specify the programs that are *not* vitamins for the minds of children. Specify how many of those other programs children are apt to look at. Finally, specify what you mean by "educators agree." All of them? If not all, how many? Who are they? Where do they teach? On what basis have they arrived at their opinions? Exactly what do they recommend? Specify.

By the time you have raised all these questions, the ad has crumbled into nothing. Of course, you may still decide to buy a television set, but it makes all the difference whether you arrive at your decision by exercising your own mind or by falling for someone else's specious reasoning.

Can other forms of persuasion be tackled in the same way? They certainly can, and it's a far more important job than self-protection

against advertising. After all advertising is *labeled* advertising; you're somewhat protected because you know someone is trying to sell you something. Other things are more dangerous: they come as information or entertainment and it's up to you to recognize them for what they are.

Examples aren't hard to find; but when a national magazine carries an attack against a 12-year-old federal law, that's unusual. The following excerpt is from an article challenging certain applications of the Fair Labor Standards Act (which forbids the employment of children under 16, especially near heavy machinery). The author is a small-town printer and publisher who was caught violating the law. He complains that he has been forced to replace children with an expensive machine. (To make it easy for you, I put "So what's" and "Specify's" in their proper places.)

Recently . . . a man with a face like a beaked eagle (So what?) and with a bulging brief case (So what?) edged in (So what?) . . . He was from the Department of Labor to make a check . . . The office door crashed open, and in roared 26 kids ranging from 19 years down to 7 . . . He asked: "What are these?"

I started to tell him . . . A gang from the high school always dropped in after school, and we usually let five or six (Specify what number, ages, and frequency of

employment) join the folding party (Specify at what wages) and gave them cider, cookies, radio programs and lots of chatter (So what?) and for two or three hours, two days a week (Specify exact periods.)

"It's sort of a private youth movement," my wife explained. (Specify what it consists of.) "When they're not in here, many of them are running loose in the streets, getting into all kinds of trouble (So what?). Here they earn some money and . . . have a good time (So what?)'"

It isn't always possible to go beyond "So what?" and "Specify" and supply the facts missing in the argument. In this case, however, the data were available and so I could rewrite the excerpt for you, leaving out all the irrelevant stuff and specifying what wasn't specified. Now it reads like this:

"Recently a man from the Department of Labor came to make a check. . . . The office door crashed open, and in roared 26 kids ranging from 19 years down to 7. He asked: 'What are these?'

"I started to tell him: A gang from the high school always dropped in after school, and we regularly employed ten boys under 16 to fold papers. One of them was 11, two were 12, three were 13, and four were 14. Their wages ranged from 16¢ to 35¢ an hour. One 14-year-old worked evenings until 11:30, another 13-year-old until 11.

"It's sort of a private youth movement," my wife explained, "consisting of work for children under 16."

This is a rather simple example of how to tackle a challenging piece of writing.

The battle against propaganda is a most serious business. Fortunately you live in a country where propaganda comes from all sides, so that to some extent it cancels out. If you lived in a totalitarian country, you would know how hard it is to keep up the daily fight against one-sided propaganda, trying desperately to keep your head above the sea of fallacious arguments.

What makes the struggle so hard is the fact that the totalitarians' strongest weapon is not logical, but psychological; it lies in the tremendous power of repetition. After the steady hammering of their propaganda machine, millions of Germans were sincerely surprised when they learned after the last war that New York had *not* been bombed to ruins and that Roosevelt's real name was *not* Rosenfeld.

The totalitarians soon discovered that repetition is effective, regardless of whether you use it with fallacies or just plain lies.

I can't offer you any protection against lies, because there is none. One thing you *can* do, though: you can consider the source of any statement that is used as part of an argument.

In particular, make it your business to suspect what a member of a group tells you about the wishes and attitudes of another: *Beware of the wrong spokesman.* Don't believe grownups who tell you that children love spinach, wives who insist that husbands like pastels and chintz, Democrats who are sure Republicans despise their own candidates, whites who explain that Negroes prefer segregation, businessmen who announce that labor wants to get rid of unions, employers who tell you that small boys love to work.

George Orwell, the late author of

the book *1984*, once wrote in an essay about Edward Lear's poems:

"While the Pobble was in the water some unidentified creatures come and ate his toes off, and when he got home his aunt remarked:

*It's a fact the whole world
knows,*

*That Pubbles are happier with-
out their toes—*

which is funny because it has a meaning, and one might even say a political significance. For the whole theory of authoritarian government is summed up in the statement that 'Pubbles are happier without their toes.'"

The Open Door

WHEN I was a boy, my mother used to take me with her when she went out to do house work. I remember one trip when, as my mother was shaking out the bedding, I spied a purple rosary. The gold cross glittered. As much from curiosity as anything else, I sneaked it into my pocket.

At home in bed, I examined my prize. It was then that I noticed the tiny Figure hanging in agony on the cross. I knew little about religion then, but I did know that the figure represented our Lord. I hid the rosary. But I did not sleep that night. I could not get my mind off the crucified Christ.

I pleaded sick the next day, but my mother insisted I go with her. Evidently, no one at the house missed the rosary, but I watched for the chance to put it back under the bedroom pillow. Still curious, I looked over the room. On a table near the bed was a booklet on devotions to the Blessed Virgin, including the Rosary.

From then on, I was both curious and concerned. Without telling my mother, I went back to the house some time later and confessed to the theft of the rosary. I also said I would like to know more about it and Catholic doctrine.

Today both my mother and I are Catholics, all because I once stole a rosary.

Leon Williams.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]



Here are some ways to make your penance pleasurable

By MARGARET ARLEN (Pictured on front cover)

Nor just Friday's fare, but Monday's, Tuesday's, Wednesday's, and Thursday's as well, came to our table from the sea in the little coastal Carolina fishing village which was my home.

Often, it was fish for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Yet, even after all those years of eating fish, I still enjoy any sea-food dinner that is prepared with imagination.

This is due entirely to my mother. She felt that since her family must eat fish three times a day, there had to be more than one way to prepare it. She always said, "Fish is not generally as bad as it's cooked up to be."

If your friends and family shudder on Friday nights or other ab-

stinence days because there's to be fish for dinner, it's possibly because the fish has always been handed to them, even if on a silver platter, fried or broiled.

Most fish is bland in flavor and white in color, which almost seems to contribute to the blandness. But it has texture to recommend it, in addition to the healthful qualities of protein and minerals. You must protect its texture by constantly reminding yourself to use the light touch in handling the fish and by using a slow fire. Its flavor can be enhanced with piquant sauces, and colorful, tangy accompanying relishes and vegetables.

Try this menu next Friday. Start with tomato-juice cocktail with crisp

crackers and a salad of mixed in-season greens placed on the table at the beginning of the meal for color. If potatoes are a favorite at your house, serve them French fried or hash browned, any way but creamed or mashed. Spinach is a wonderful vegetable with fish. It will be greeted with great enthusiasm if you add grapefruit sections to the drained buttered spinach. A dash of nutmeg adds wonders, too. And corn bread with dinner will really make it a

feast. Finally, because of its color and its sweet, yet tart, flavor, lemon pie makes an ideal dessert for any fish dinner.

Now you've built the settings to surround the star. If you'll start thinking of the fish you're going to serve in that way, it will not only be fun to eat; it will be fun to prepare.

Here are four of my favorites, based on my mother's very sound judgment and experience.



THE ANY-FISH SOUFFLE

This one grew out of the fish and scrambled eggs which we often had for breakfast when there were more people than eggs. Any flaked fish will do.

- 1 cup flaked fish
- 1 tbs. lemon juice
- 1 cup medium white sauce
- 2 eggs, separated
- Salt, pepper, mace

Mix fish and sauce together over fire, add egg yolks beaten light. Remove immediately from fire and cool. At time of baking, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put into a buttered casserole, stand on a trivet in a pan of hot water. Bake 20 to 30 minutes in moderate oven. Serves four or five.

TUNA PIN WHEELS

Tuna pin wheels sound a great deal more exciting than fish dumplings, don't they? And yet the ingredients are very much the same, since they consist of fish and pastry, simply baked instead of boiled.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ package pastry mix
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder



- 1 7-oz. can flaked tuna
- Minced onion

Roll the pastry thin. Spread the flaked tuna over pastry, sprinkle minced onion over tuna. Then roll up the pastry and tuna as you would a jelly roll. Save out a small amount of tuna for the sauce. Bake the roll in a moderate oven (375) for about 25 minutes, or until golden brown. Serve with a green-pea sauce. Serves 4.

SAUCE. To one-half can of green-pea soup, add a half can of milk. If you happen to have any leftover green peas, add them. And add the small amount of tuna you kept out. Heat all together in double boiler and when the pin wheel is ready, pour the sauce over the top.

SCALLOPED FILLETS

And you have to admit that scalloped sounds better than fish stew or the more favorite fish muddle. Mackerel and flounder are delicious served this way. The basic ingredient which I've left out in scalloping my fillets, instead of stewing them, is potatoes, for you may still add bay leaves to this recipe and it will be much the better for it.

**Fillets**

Buttered bread crumbs (2 cups)
Medium white sauce (2 cups)
Sauterne or other white wine
Mace

Select one good-sized or 2 small fillets for each person to be served. Wrap fillets lightly in cheesecloth and drop in almost boiling water. Simmer them for 5 to 7 minutes. Remove the cheesecloth and lay the fillets in a shallow greased baking dish. Dust with a dash of mace and sprinkle with sauterne, or any white wine. Pour a medium white sauce over the fillets, to cover them. Then spread liberally with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven (375) 10 to 15 minutes.

(A few drops of vinegar in the boiling water will help keep the neighbors from knowing what you're having for dinner!)

**ROAST NEPTUNE**

Perhaps you're saying, "This is all very well for the family's Friday fare, but what about Friday's fare when there's company coming?" Well, I have one that papa can be really proud of, if you've cooked it well and

served it attractively. Since "baked stuffed fish" doesn't sound fancy enough for company, suppose we rename it *Roast Neptune*.

2-4 lbs. fish

Butter

Lemon juice and lemon quarters
Salt, pepper
Chopped parsley

Have head, tail and fins cut off, and backbone removed when you buy the fish. To prepare fish for stuffing, dry it well and salt it lightly. Then fill the cavity with the following stuffing.

STUFFING

2 tbs. of drippings or butter
1 tbs. chopped onion
1 tbs. chopped parsley
1 cup soft bread crumbs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. grated lemon rind
1 tsp. lemon juice
Pinch of mace, sage, thyme
Salt, pepper, nutmeg

Saute the onion, parsley, and celery leaf with the fat. Turn crumbs into pan. Turn off heat. Stir crumbs until all fat is absorbed; there must be enough to season all the crumbs. Add other seasonings, stirring thoroughly.

Now stuff the cavity of fish with this dressing and secure the sides of the fish with skewers or toothpicks. Bake in well-greased pan in hot oven (400 to 450 F.) about 8 to 10 minutes per pound. Remove to hot platter. Put 1 tbs. chopped parsley in the pan, 2 or 3 tbs. boiling water, and a few drops lemon juice. Stir vigorously, scraping pan, and pour sauce over fish. Garnish with lemon quarters. Serves 4 to 8.

Little Footsteps

A CHILD enters your home and makes so much noise for 20 years that you can hardly stand it; then departs, leaving the house so silent that you think you will go mad.

Dr. J. A. Holmes in *Youth Service News* (Jan. '51).

Admonition

"Do Not Pick the Flowers" is a common sign in America's parks. But in Ireland they say it more subtly, "Let it be said of these flowers that they died with their roots on."

Quote (2-8 Sept. '51).

Living With Russia

A famous authority on history envisions a future truce so long that it might be called peace

By ARNOLD TOYNBEE

Condensed from a BBC broadcast by *The New Republic**

CAN our Western world and the communist world live at peace with each other? Is their peaceful coexistence desirable from our Western point of view? And, if it is desirable for these two worlds to put up with one another on the same planet, on what terms can we look forward to seeing them live and let live?

I suppose one of the few points on which all of us in the West are in agreement with each other today is that we must be firm, that we must rearm, that we must be vigilantly on our guard. But it does not follow that we must resign ourselves to a 3rd World War as being something inevitable.

As I see it, it is just as important for us now to keep on reminding ourselves that a 3rd World War is really not inevitable, as it is important for us now to be firm and energetic and on the watch.

In saying this, I have an historical precedent in mind. I am thinking of the history of Anglo-Russian relations during the years 1856-1885. In the Crimean war the Western powers had foiled an attempt by

Russia to put Turkey in her pocket. They had inflicted on Russia a humiliating defeat which the Russians wanted to reverse, as the Germans wanted to reverse their defeat after the 1st World War.

So, like Germany in the 1930's, Russia in the 1860's began to expand eastward overland, in a quarter where the British navy could not operate; and this expansion of Russia's in Asia in the 19th century, like her present expansion, was taken very hard in the liberal Western world.

At least twice within the 30 years ending in 1885, Great Britain almost went to war with Russia again. The first occasion was in 1878, when Russia had fought another war with Turkey and had beaten Turkey to its knees. The second time was in 1885, when the Russian advance in Central Asia reached the northwestern frontiers of Afghanistan. At those two dates, at least, another Anglo-Russian war seemed inevitable. And then, after all, it did not happen.

After reaching a final peak of intensity in 1885, the long-drawn-out

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19th-century tension between Britain and Russia began to relax. Within 22 years the two powers had entered into an entente with each other in the face of a new menace to both from Germany. And between 1907 and now they have twice been allies in world war, first in 1914-1917, and then for a second time in 1941-1945.

My point in bringing up past history is this. It is possible that our present tension with Russia may end in another war, as our tension with Germany after the 1st World War ended in a 2nd World War. It is also possible that our present tension with Russia may end in a relaxation of the tension, as our tension with Russia after the Crimean war eventually relaxed without ending in another war between the two powers.

At the present moment, no doubt, it is impossible for us to foresee in which way the present tension between the Western world and Russia is going to end. We must be prepared for the less happy as well as for the more happy possibility; but we must surely be prepared for both possibilities. In facing the possibility of another 1939, we must

Yes, but—

The official opinion of the United Nations is that it is possible for the U. S. to coexist peacefully with the Soviet nations.

Suppose the impossible: that the Soviet nations were willing to coexist peacefully with the U. S. Could our country honestly go along with them? Wouldn't such a position actually be an immoral, unprincipled position?

It would mean accepting men like Stalin as lawful representatives of the people they dominate. It would mean siding against the people of those nations and with their oppressors. The courtesies of peaceful coexistence would present the communist ideologies to the American public as equally good, if different from, the American ideal.

Adopt a false principle and you can't put on the brake. Once accept the principle that communism is as good as Americanism, and the practice will surely follow.

Editorial in *The Sign* (Jan. '52).

not lose sight of the possibility of another 1885.

But is it possible for a democratic free Western world and a communist totalitarian Russia to live and let live on a planet that has now become physically "one world" as a result of "the annihilation of distance" by newfangled methods of mechanical transport? Well, yes, this *is* possible, as I see it. I see this possibility in the light of another historical precedent. I am thinking

of the one world, stretching from Britain to India, which resulted from expansion of the ancient Greek civilization in and after the time of Alexander the Great.

For seven centuries, from the last century B.C. to the 7th century of the Christian era, that ancient world was partitioned between a Western and an Eastern power: the Roman empire in the West and a rival Oriental empire in Persia.

Rome and her Iranian rivals did go to war with one another from time to time; but each soon discovered that it was beyond its strength to conquer, subjugate, and annex the other. Each made the attempt, only to find that it must give up because the effort was straining its own resources to a breaking point. So those two ancient powers resigned themselves to the necessity of their coexisting, and they went on living in one world side by side for very nearly 700 years.

When they fell into a life-and-death struggle with one another at last, they had to pay for this mistake, cash down, by both immediately succumbing to a common new enemy, the Saracens. Why should it not be possible, in our modern one world, for the West and the Union of Soviet Russia to repeat that episode of ancient history?

Granting for the moment that this may be possible, do we want to see it happen? As I see it, the peaceful coexistence of our Western civilization and a Russian commu-

nist society is not merely possible: it is also highly desirable for two good reasons, one negative and one positive.

My negative reason is my belief that a 3rd World War fought with atomic weapons would plunge our planet into a chaos which would be beyond even America's power to bring into order again. I am assuming that America would win a 3rd World War hands down; and I will also make the further assumption that the U.S. would come out of such a war without grave damage to herself (though I find few Americans so optimistic as that about their country's prospects of coming through unscathed).

But I take it for granted that, at the end of a 3rd World War in which Russia had been knocked out by America, the whole of the Old World would have been laid flat, not only Russia, but Europe, Asia, and Africa as well. And would even an undamaged U.S. have the strength, by herself, to set the whole of the rest of the world on its feet again?

My positive reason for thinking a 3rd World War undesirable is that, even if that fearful worldwide destruction could eventually be repaired by a victorious U.S., it would not, as I see it, be healthy for the world, or healthy for America herself, for there only to be one sole surviving power in the world.

To keep morally fit, human nature needs to be exercised and kept

in training by some devil or other; and our Western world today is having this indispensable, though very disagreeable, service performed for her by Russia.

The other way around, too, if we can submit with a good grace to the practical joke of seeing ourselves for a moment as Russian eyes see us, I fancy that the capitalist world, dressed up in horns, hooves, forked tail and the Devil's other stage properties, is a bogey that communist Russia needs just as much as a democratic West needs the bogey of Russian totalitarianism to keep her up to the mark.

Neither of these two incongruous neighbors would find it easy to keep in good health if the other were entirely eliminated.

What kind of *modus vivendi* can

we imagine? I cannot imagine any formal agreement between us to behave to each other as good neighbors; but I can imagine an unspoken determination on either side not to fall into a shooting war with the other. The kind of peaceful co-existence that consists merely in the avoidance of a shooting war between the principal parties may well prove to be a state of extremely painful stress, anxiety, and discomfort.

There might be other local shooting wars like the war in Korea. And I personally feel sure that, even if we manage to avoid dropping atom bombs on each other, we shall continue to wage our present missionary war, the competitive propaganda of our rival ideas and ideals.

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Blood of Martyrs: Seed of Christians

FATHER Beda Chang, 46-year-old Jesuit, died an emaciated wreck after three months in a Shanghai jail. His grave in Shanghai has a tombstone but no name. The Red authorities ruled that the only lettering that could be put on the tombstone was "The Criminal Reactionary Chang." His friends left the tombstone unlettered.

The Shanghai communists stopped a spontaneous funeral procession in honor of Father Chang and also prohibited several requiem Masses scheduled for him.

This official condemnation of Fa-

ther Chang and all that he stood for only gave new inspiration to the outlawed Legion of Mary members whom the priest had frequently encouraged in their work. Father Chang's former students kneel at his grave to pray for a similar courage. One of them chalked on the tombstone, "Long live Christ the King."

All the Legion members were summoned to police headquarters to "resign." They angered the Red authorities by showing up with a bundle of blankets, ready to go to prison for their refusal to resign.

What's Wrong With Being an Oil Company?

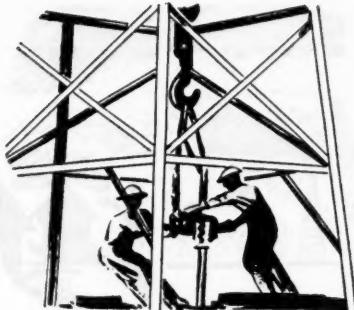
Private enterprise in the petroleum industry has so far kept America on top

By ERNESTINE ADAMS
Condensed from the *Petroleum Engineer**

I'M GETTING tired of hearing about those "rich oil companies." I'm getting tired of hearing former Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes talk about rich oil companies growing "merrily wealthier out of oil belonging to the whole people," and tired of columnist Drew Pearson shuddering piously every time he mentions an oil company or an oil man. I'm getting tired of the implication that for an oil company to exist is an affront, and for one to be rich is sinful.

Will someone tell me what is wrong with being an oil company or with an oil company's being rich? How long do you think an oil company would last if it didn't handle a lot of money? It takes barrels of the stuff just to keep a company going.

And who is going to find and produce and process oil if not the oil companies? The Socialist answer is the government, but no government yet has been able to build a successful oil industry, although many have tried.



The Soviet government, for instance, has the greatest potential oil resources in the world, and it runs its own industry. Do you know how much gasoline you would get for your car if all our cars were in Russia and you got a full share of all that was made? You would get less than five gallons a year! That's a *year*—not a week or a month. Now how would you like that?

Actually you wouldn't get a gallon because it is all reserved for government and the war machine. In the U.S. you buy on the average nearly 700 gallons of gas a year for your car and there is no shortage to stop you.

Where do the oil companies get their money? Out of the earth? Oh, no. Oil brings wealth only as it is transformed into useful goods.

The oil companies get their money out of your pockets. They coax it out of you with bargains. You can have all the gasoline you want and at the world's lowest prices. You can have varnish and insect spray, synthetic rubber and machine oil, nail polish and floor

wax. You can have gas in your house and your factory, and if the pipe line doesn't connect, you can have liquid gas in tins to hook onto your stove or refrigerator.

You get some products you didn't even know had petroleum in them. It is in your soap and detergents. It is in your nylons to prevent runs, in your lipstick to keep it moist, in covers of your books to prevent cracking, in your raincoat, your shoes, your medicine, your paper lamp shade, your roof.

You pay the oil companies billions of dollars a year, about \$7 billion last year, for all kinds of things that make it easier to live.

And what do these bloated capitalists do with those buckets of greenbacks? Almost 2 million employees get the biggest dip into the kitty. These employees get paid better than most, because many have to have technical training.

There aren't many strikes, and the rare ones they have are in the refining industry. In the drilling end, things are free and easy. If you go broke drilling dry holes, you may be working for your driller next year. Plenty of rough-necks and roustabouts

think they'll have a rig of their own one day, and a good many of the high moguls in the industry, who look as though they never saw a shovel, have dug many a slush pit in their day.

These big wheels get big pay, about on the level with other industries, except that there are more of them. There aren't many automobile companies, for instance, but there are a bunch of big oil companies and thousands of little ones. The Oil Information committee says there are 36,000 companies in the industry.

Oil and Human Rights

A savage or semisavage people usually exhibit conditions little better than those of anarchy. Life, limb and property are always in jeopardy, and there are no such institutions as schools or churches. Although their territory may contain natural resources of great benefit to the race, the native rulers may be unable to exploit them. Suppose that a civilized power desires to set up a stable government in this impotent community. Its purpose would be to make the resources available for the satisfaction of human wants. The outside nation has surely the right to impose its government upon the helpless community. The latter has no right to resist, no right to choose some other government, no right of "self-determination." The sufficient proof that no such right exists is to be found in the end of all rights, human welfare.

From *Catholic Doctrine on the Right of Self Government*, by John A. Ryan (Paulist Press).

These oil companies have some billions left after paying the help, so they give billions to Uncle Sam. The oil industry pays the biggest tax bill of any industry. Some \$3½ billion a year goes for federal, state, and local taxes levied on the oil industry and its products. This is about 7% of all taxes paid.

If a profit is made, the stockholders get theirs. Since you customers are so steady now, the dividends over the years average up about like bond interest. This takes care of several millions more people who have their hands, or money, that is, in the oil business.

With the billions that are left the oil companies drill holes any place that looks as if it might have oil. They drill as deep as four miles; they drill in the desert, in the jungle, in the ocean; the derrick may be standing in sticky waves of heat or may be covered with thick ice. They drill where savage tribes have wrecked the rig, and where a plane has to bring in the machinery.

Sometimes they spend 1½ millions for one hole and get no oil. They spend millions just to find out where to put the drill down. They pay more millions to other people for the privilege of using their land to drill on. If the drill hits an oil sand, they give the owner of the land a proportionate share of the oil they find.

And what if the oil is next door to the end of the world with no customers in sight? They build a

pipe line to the sea or to a refinery, which they also have to build, then build a harbor so the tankers they build or buy can take the oil to you customers. They have to put up a lot of cash before you drive into a filling station and say, "Fill 'er up." It may be a year or two before the money begins coming back. It may be 10 years. It may be never.

Of course, you have no use for that black crude oil, and so the refining comes in. This process takes tons of crude oil and separates the molecules, then pieces them together to give them a new look. There are plants that separate gasoline from gas, and plants that make powdered sulphur out of gas, and plants that only process materials for other plants that make dyes, plastics, explosives, or drugs. There are plants that take out certain wanted hydrocarbons and put the dry gas back in the oil formation to bring up more hydrocarbons, like a dumb-waiter.

A refinery is always expanding, renovating, adding, experimenting, and revising. It has to keep ahead of you customers, it has to provide more gasoline in the summer and more fuel in winter from the same spot and with the same crude oil. The inventions in this line come so fast that you stay in there pitching or go broke. So the oil companies part with a few more billions because they must keep up.

The companies also hire some of the top scientists to study how

methods in the industry can be improved and how better products can be made. They have to have big laboratories and smart technical staffs. They have laboratories that work only on agricultural uses of petroleum and laboratories that test a hundred uses of petroleum in everything from paints to pavements. They spend about one fourth what all U.S. industry spends on research.

Since the war, the oil industry has spent \$12 billion making improvements and expanding facilities. In the U.S., the oil industry now has an investment of \$32 billion, or \$200 for each man, woman, and child in the nation.

Do they expect to make this towering investment pay? In time, yes.

And then what will they do with the buckets of dough they will make, these rich oil companies?

What they've been doing all along.

1. Drill more wells and find more oil so we won't run short in peace or war.

2. Build bigger and longer pipe lines from fields to refineries and from refineries to customers so the supply is always available.

3. Construct better refineries to make fancier products that will fill more needs in your life.

So you see why I'm tired of hearing about rich oil companies. Everyone in the U.S. benefits from the use of low-cost petroleum products, a use that has launched and shaped our modern life.

Repartee—with Restraint

A PROTESTANT minister and a Catholic priest were involved in an automobile accident.

"If I wasn't a minister I'd tell you what I think of you," moaned the reverend.

"And if this wasn't Friday I'd eat your ears off," roared the priest.

E. M. Foit.

Memos for March 15

A MAN owes it to himself to become successful; after that he owes it to the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Edward H. Dreschnack.

UNTOLD wealth is that which does not appear on the income-tax forms.

Liberty.

WITH all this global aid it seems that a cannon fired any place in the world is sure of at least hitting the American taxpayer.

Gilcrafter (Dec. '51).

I Saw The New Ireland

A visitor returning after 20 years finds many changes—and all to the good

By MAURICE J. QUINLAN

WHEN I visited Ireland 20 years ago, I arrived by boat from Liverpool after an uncomfortable night crossing. This time I flew from England on a twin-engined plane of Aer Lingus, the Irish airline that operates several flights daily between the two countries.

Traveling by plane from London is a superb way to approach Ireland. One flies swiftly over the English countryside, catches a glimpse of the Welsh mountains, and then, after traversing a short stretch of gray sea, glides down towards the Irish coast with its magnificent bays and headlands. Two hours after leaving London the plane settles in a green and lovely land.

Midway in the flight a pretty Irish hostess, dressed in a smart green uniform, served us tea and sandwiches. This was my first encounter with the hospitality modern Ireland extends to the tourist.

Twenty years ago I was sometimes annoyed by the slow trains, dingy hotels, and limited menus and tardy service in Irish restaurants. Things have improved greatly since that time. Although the pace is still slow, compared with American standards, hotels are clean, train service excellent between Dublin and Cork, and buses link even small villages to the cities. Best of all, there has been an increase of efficiency without a corresponding increase in officiousness.

First-class hotels in Dublin provide rooms at a third the price of similar accommodations in New York or Chicago. Food is plentiful and cheap, for Ireland, unlike England, is predominantly an agricultural land that produces most of its own meat and grain. Lunch, with soup, roast beef, dessert, and beverage, costs as little as 75¢ in a good hotel. Dinner is about \$1.25.

The best bargain of all is tea. At the Clarence hotel in Dublin it was served on a large silver tray with a pot that held three or four brimming cups. To tide me over to dinner there was a ham sandwich, several slices of Irish raisin bread, hot scones, and an eclair—all for 35¢. Hotels vary in price and in quality, of course, but anyone planning to visit Ireland can avail himself of a service that few other countries provide. I had the booklet of the Irish Tourist association, which lists all the hotels in Ireland, as well as many pensions,

with a schedule of rates for rooms and meals. With this information, I could arrange for accommodations beforehand and know exactly what they would cost.

Dublin is a splendid city, as distinctive in its way as Florence or Paris. The Liffey, which flows through the heart of it, may lack the picturesque appeal of the Arno or the charm of the Seine, but it deserves a fame of its own. One can pass hours strolling along its quays, gazing at the barges laden with barrels of Guinness floating down the river, or watching the small ships being unloaded east of O'Connell bridge. And one of the grandest sights of all is to see the street lamps reflected in the black water of the Liffey late at night.

It is a dignified city, full of bitter-sweet memories and echoes of the past. Trinity college with its cobbled courts, and its library of ancient manuscripts, forms a link with the Middle Ages. St. Patrick's cathedral, lifting its lofty spire above the city, is a constant reminder of the age of Swift. The National university and Newman's church stand as memorials of the great convert and of the period following Catholic Emancipation.

Everywhere are signs of Ireland's long-protracted fight for freedom: statues of O'Connell and Parnell, markers and bullet-scarred walls dating from the revolution and civil war of the recent past. There is a sense of history here, such as one

seldom experiences in the U.S. One feels that almost any Dubliner could recount step by step the stages in the great struggle for independence. A visitor does not have to be in the capital city very long to discover that most Irishmen believe that their goal will never be completely achieved until Northern Ireland is made an integral part of the Irish Free State.

Because of the impressions they get from American movies, Irishmen regard us as a strange and fascinating race. That is one reason they like to talk with American visitors and, without being impolite, try to draw them out. Of course, this works to the advantage of the tourist because, if he has any interest in people, he welcomes the opportunity to form chance acquaintances.

This kind of approachment is not always so easy to achieve in other countries. On the Continent, differences in language may be a barrier. In England it takes time to thaw through native British reserve.

The Irish enter into conversation with strangers much more naturally. Chambermaids, bus drivers, hotel clerks—almost everyone seems eager to chat with a stranger whose accent or clothes mark him as an American. On a train, if the Irishman does not speak first, he will often coax you to make the first remark by offering you a cigarette, or by studying you with a

half-shy, half-beckoning smile. Generally they let you do most of the talking, for they are as fascinated by an American accent as we are by theirs. When they do carry the conversation, they are often well informed, especially about their own country.

Although there is a special eagerness to chat with Americans, an Irishman on a bus would be a very cool lump of a lad, indeed, if he did not speak to an Irishman sitting next to him. Readiness to pass an idle hour in conversation is a gracious and endearing habit, born of a genuine sense of social democracy.

There are no remnants of a caste system in Ireland, though they can be found almost everywhere else in Europe. The absence of class distinctions promotes social life.

The small area and population of Ireland contribute to the pervasive spirit of friendliness. Just how small the country is comes home to one when its area is compared with that of some of our own states. With its 27,137 square miles, Ireland is smaller than Maine with its 31,040 square miles. The visitor is astonished when he picks up a telephone directory and discovers that it contains the name of every subscriber in Ireland.

Differences in speech are noticeable when one moves from Dublin into the country districts. In the capital, people speak with a charming accent, a proper respect for

Faith of the Irish

When St. Finnbarr's cathedral was being built in Cork, there was a workman who was inclined to cut the tiles on the spire a bit on the rough side, and the foreman came along and spotted it.

"It won't do, Jer," said he.

"Why?" says me ould fella. "Sure 'tis going up 200 feet and no one but the crows will see it."

"God will see it," says the foreman, "an' He's particular."

From *Sweet Cork of Thee* by Robert Gibbings (N. Y., Dutton, \$4.50).

English grammar if they are at all educated, and with only a limited number of distinctively Irish expressions.

The farther one goes from the city, the stronger the accent and the more picturesque the language becomes. Many Irishmen, for instance, refer to the U. S. simply as "over." They will ask, "Is it hot over in summer?" or, "Do you have buses like this over?" If he describes a person as "foxy," the Irishman does not mean that the individual is conniving. *Foxy* is simply a designation for a red-haired or sandy-complexioned man or woman. Instead of the term "flirtatious," the Irish use a more vivid expression. They will say the lad or lass has a "coaxing eye."

If the English are inclined to understatement, Irishmen have a gift for using hyperbolic language. A

chance acquaintance at a bar who was drinking draft beer told me he didn't take the bottled stuff, for it is so full of gas "it will destraiay your stomach."

One thing the Irish have in common is a strange mixture of gaiety and melancholy. The sense of the comic and the readiness to laugh are evidenced everywhere. In a music hall, even a third-rate performer is rewarded by laughter and applause. On a streetcar, a woman awkwardly swaying down the aisle carrying a long-handled broom will awaken spontaneous mirth in the whole group, including the broom-bearer herself. But a strain of melancholy seems always near the surface. A reference to a tragic incident in Ireland's history or to the death of an acquaintance will bring a sudden silence or start a tear.

The one element that more than anything else creates a sense of unity in Irish life is religion. It is not simply that more of the inhabitants are Catholic. Other countries of Europe also have predominantly Catholic populations. But where else can one find a people so sturdy in their faith, so dominated in their everyday existence by their Catholicism?

"Make no mistake about it," an educated Dubliner remarked. "Ireland is a thoroughly Catholic nation, and anyone who wants to understand this country must grasp that fact." To illustrate his point, he said, "If you meet a farmer on

the road during a spell of fine weather, he will greet you with, 'It's a grand day, thanks be to God.' If you meet him after a long period of rain that may have destroyed his crops, he will say, 'A terrible spell of weather—but God is good.'

Today Ireland is better off than it has ever been. The farmers are prosperous. There is a good government, founded on a democratic constitution. It is, moreover, a government with a conscience: it provides old-age pensions and free educational opportunities, and right now is erecting many dwellings for low-income groups. Each year brings more tourists, especially from across the Irish sea.

Mechanical improvements are being introduced; farms are being electrified, tractors are replacing ploughs, and cars are substituting for the horse and trap. For many an Irish farmer and his wife these innovations mean a shorter work-day and less back-breaking labor.

But the Irish will never entirely let the gleam of chrome substitute for the joy of riding behind a spirited cob, or delude themselves with the idea that prosperity alone is the key to happiness. Though time will bring other changes, it is unlikely that Ireland will ever become effete or careless. Generations of suffering and remembrance of things past appear to have given the race a special awareness that nothing in this world is here forever.

Design for Loyalty

True Americans can be formed only in classrooms where God is recognized

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Condensed from the
*Ladies' Home Journal**

IT is my conviction that this country can recover its serenity only when it refinds its religious loyalties.

Mutual mistrust is widespread. Loyalty is in question. A cynical frame of mind prevails that "every man has his price," and that behind every word and act is a mercenary or power-seeking ambition. Parents struggle for authority over their children, and many even welcome the induction of sons into the army in the hope it will "teach them some discipline." We find that thousands of teen-agers are dope addicts.

And throughout society is an undertow of almost hysterical fear, fear of Russia, of communism, and, indeed, of life itself. "Emotional maladjustment" is the most prevalent American disease. While we fight cancer and polio, psychiatrists are flourishing.

A society in such a condition shows that it has no basic loyalties to which the masses of its people give natural, unconscious allegiance.

In a sound society, loyalties are inherent. Authority can be exercised easily when it ratifies the moral authority already present in the mind and soul of a society. When there is a strong and widespread conviction in the people themselves of what is right, good and permissible, and what is wrong, evil and intolerable, government is easy.

Now, there is no historical example of any nation reaching a high level of human culture without belief that moral sanctions exist. As far back as we have any records of man as man, we find him, and his societies, concerned with spiritual forces. And as far back as we have any records, we find man concerned with the question, "Why are we here? What is the meaning of life and the purpose of existence?"

The answers cannot be provided by science. They must come out of the spiritual experiences of man through the ages, the experiences which have always and everywhere produced religion.

What our country needs, then, is a re-examination of our education. It has been secularized to the point where our public schools not

only shut out all religious influences, but promote agnosticism and atheism. A concept of the separation of Church and state has grown up which, if it goes on, will finally result in our withdrawal from Judaeo-Christian civilization altogether.

An education which does not admit even reference to religious experience is a failure even of education in a quite narrow sense. No one can understand Western culture at all who does not understand the religious assumptions on which its very laws are based. No one who does not read the Bible can possibly understand much of the finest English literature, which is replete with Biblical allusions. How in the world can any child make head or tail out of Lincoln's great *Second Inaugural Address* who does not understand the quotations, uttered without quotes, that come directly from the Scriptures?

Can some of the greatest music of Western civilization be divorced from its inspiration: the great Passion music of Bach; the *Missa Solemnis* of Beethoven; the *Requiem* of Verdi; the *Elijah* of Mendelssohn? Must one be a Roman Catholic to recognize that the Mass is perhaps the only real immortal work of art that Western civilization has ever produced?

Are some of the greatest pictures of the world nothing more than decorative designs in form and

color, to be taken apart from the faith which inspired them?

And is the function of education merely to train children for a job, or is it also to cultivate their minds and their souls, and to increase their sensibility to the things that are good?

These things cannot be "left to church and home." The church cannot function on the edges of a civilization. Even communist states are willing that it should drag out an existence divorced from the rest of life. The home has changed; in great cities it is reduced, for most families, into a place for eating and sleeping. The child's life is increasingly spent in activities originating in the school.

The basis of all education must be training in character. It is character that determines the fate of societies, as the old Greeks knew when they said "Character is destiny."

A supposedly God-fearing people (ourselves) took the lead in founding the United Nations. Our Presidents take the oath of office on the Bible. But we were afraid to open the San Francisco conference with a prayer lest it offend the Russians. We deserve the United Nations we now have.

A God-fearing people, sure of its moorings, has nothing whatever to fear from communism. A nation spiritually adrift can be blown on the rocks by any high wind.

Carbon 14 Works for Historians

Scientists with Geiger counters can now tell the age of anything that lived in the last 30,000 years

By RICHARD FOSTER FLINT

Condensed from *Natural History Magazine**

A RADIOCHEMIST stood in a Chicago laboratory before an oscilloscope connected to a Geiger counter. The oscilloscope had a screen, much like that in a small television set. Across it jumped a never-ending ribbon of green zig-zags. The zig-zags were made by the impulses from disintegrating atoms of radioactive carbon within the counter.

The radiochemist had extracted the carbon from a piece of wood. The wood was part of a spruce tree that grew in an Ice Age forest in Wisconsin. Mastodons and mammoths then inhabited the country.

It was not the age of the living tree that was sought; that could easily be learned by counting its growth rings. Scientists wished to know the time elapsed since the tree was alive.

Geologists and archaeologists, trying to date the events of prehistoric periods, have heretofore been able to look only for signs. Then they would make estimates which, although far better than nothing at all, are certainly not accurate. Some

geologists had estimated that this particular Wisconsin spruce forest had flourished about 25,000 years ago, although they could not be sure.

Now the uncertainty was being ended by green zigzags on a screen. Radiocarbon, the cause of the zig-zags, is a recent discovery that promises to make an accurate timetable of prehistoric events. It is a clock that set itself going when the forest tree died and that has been ticking ever since, at a known rate. The piece of wood was the latest



*Central Park West at 79th, New York City 24. May, 1951.

of five samples, all collected from the same forest. When tested, all five gave answers very close to each other. The answer average reads 11,400 years ago, and the time is probably accurate to within a small per cent.

This more than halves earlier guesses, and brings the extinct mastodons and other beasts and plants much closer to our own time than had been supposed. Thanks to radiocarbon, we can look forward to talking about prehistoric dates that are almost precise.

How this has been made possible is a story of cooperation among scientists. Pioneers in the research are Drs. W. F. Libby and J. R. Arnold. They did the work at the University of Chicago's Institute for Nuclear Studies.

It all grew out of research on cosmic rays. Great streams of neutrons pour earthward from outer space. The neutrons bombard the earth's atmosphere and cause a chain reaction that cascades particles down through the air to earth. Their arrival is pictured on the oscilloscope screen.

Many of the invading horde of neutrons while penetrating the earth's atmosphere collide with atoms of nitrogen, of which the atmosphere is largely composed. When such a high-speed collision occurs, a new nucleus is created. This disintegrates, emitting an atom of a newly created element, carbon 14. In this way, great quantities

of carbon 14 are created miles above the earth's surface, like sparks you strike from flint and steel. And like your sparks, the carbon 14 atoms do not last long, for they are radioactive, and destroy themselves through spontaneous disintegration. Carbon 14 is "heavy" carbon. It is heavy because, whereas ordinary carbon has an atomic weight of 12, the weight of the new carbon is 14. The new carbon isotope is familiarly called radiocarbon.

Radiocarbon atoms may not last long, but while they do, they get around. The first thing they do is to combine with oxygen to form carbon dioxide. This mixes with the ordinary carbon dioxide that contains ordinary carbon, and in time becomes evenly mixed with the air.

But do not imagine that radiocarbon is abundant. Actually for every trillion atoms of ordinary carbon in the atmosphere there is only one atom of the heavy carbon 14.

Both plants and animals absorb carbon dioxide freely. Probably, therefore, they contain just the same proportion of radiocarbon to ordinary carbon, one to about a trillion, that is present in the air. Though the radiocarbon in plant and animal tissues is constantly disintegrating, it is renewed constantly from the air.

This renewal of radiocarbon goes on as long as a plant or animal is alive. When death occurs, in a tree, for instance, intake of atmospheric

carbon ceases abruptly. But the dead tree continues to lose radiocarbon. Thus, from year to year the amount present in the dead wood becomes gradually less.

The rate of decrease of radiocarbon is the same everywhere, and the rate is known. This is why you can calculate when the tree died by measuring the amount of radiocarbon left in the dead wood. Actually, you don't measure the amount; you measure the rate of disintegration, which constantly diminishes and is always proportional to the amount of radiocarbon remaining. It is the tiny disintegrations, so many per minute per gram of carbon, that produce the green zig-zags you can see on the oscilloscope.

More than 15 years ago it occurred to Dr. A. V. Grosse, radio chemist of the Houdry Process Corp. of Pennsylvania, that cosmic-ray bombardment probably was creating new radioactive elements. Later, this idea led Dr. Libby to believe that heavy carbon, thus created, must be found in living matter. To test the theory, Libby and Grosse analyzed a sample of sewage, a pure organic product. They found radiocarbon in it all right; they also found the radiocarbon present in just about the proportion they had calculated.

Their next step was to find out whether this same proportion of radiocarbon prevails in all living matter. So they tested wood from Chicago, New Mexico, Panama,

South America, a Pacific island, Australia, North Africa, and Sweden. They tested also seashells, calcium carbonate, from Florida and seal oil specially collected by the Ronne Antarctic expedition. In the whole lot, they found radiocarbon present in the same proportion, within the limits of experimental error.

Now it seemed possible to determine the radiocarbon date of any sample of ancient wood or other carbon-bearing organic substance.

Atomic Clock Dates Scripture

ATOMIC science has come to the aid of the Biblical scholars, reports James T. Howard in the December, 1951, issue of *Popular Science Monthly*. In 1947, Bedouins found the now famous "Dead Sea scrolls" in a cave in Palestine. Among the scrolls was a copy of the Book of Isaiahs. Despite strong evidence, many scholars disputed the antiquity of the manuscript. Dr. Libby was called upon. His carbon-14 count showed that the linen in which the scrolls were wrapped was made from flax that grew 1,917 years ago. Thus he settled the dispute, showing that the scrolls existed while our Lord walked the earth, and that the Isaiahs is the oldest known Biblical manuscript in the world today.

Scholars decided to check radiocarbon against historical knowledge. They would compare radiocarbon dates with dates already calculated by archaeologists. This was done with a variety of wood samples; and the archaeologists no doubt had an interesting time selecting them. Two were from Egyptian tombs known to be about 4,600 years old. The radiocarbon dates came out within 150 years of the historians' figures.

Even that did not satisfy the scientists and scholars. They wished to go back beyond 4,600 years ago. But still older materials, being undated, provide no basis of comparison with radiocarbon dates.

There was only one thing to do. The scientists would get radiocarbon dates for a large number of samples, collected from many different geologic and archaeological deposits. They would compare them, see whether the dates were consistent with each other.

The American Anthropological Association and the Geological Society of America were asked to name four specialists to collaborate with Libby and Arnold in the tests. More than 200 samples were collected and dated. Their ages ranged back more than 15,000 years.

The results were gratifying. They were so generally consistent with each other, in fact, that you need have little doubt that the radiocarbon calendar is reliable for dates as

far back as it can reach. Unfortunately, its reach is limited, for a simple reason. The rate at which radiocarbon disintegrates is so rapid that 5,568 years after a plant or animal has died, the radiocarbon it contained is half gone. The rate does gradually diminish with time. Thus, the proportion of radiocarbon remaining at the end of 20,000 years is so small as to make accurate laboratory counting very difficult. It is not likely that any refinement in technique will stretch the reach of the calendar much beyond 30,000 years.

In many important ways, the radiocarbon calendar can help round out the history of America. One is by dating the races of prehistoric men that lived on this continent thousands of years before the coming of white Europeans, and even before the arrival of the present-day Indians.

Since 1926, evidence has been found that Stone Age people once lived in North America. The evidence consists of a peculiar kind of darthead, made of quartz. The first were found near Folsom, N.M.; they came to be called Folsom points, and soon archaeologists were speaking of the people who had made them as Folsom men.

More Folsom points came to light. They were found in New Mexico, Texas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Nevada, western Canada, and even Alaska.

The discoveries led to all sorts of

estimates of the time when the Folsom people lived. But the estimates remained estimates, until radiocarbon came along. A group of geologists and archaeologists in Texas, sensing at once that the radiocarbon calendar could solve the problem, searched for Folsom material suitable for laboratory use. At Lubbock, Texas, they found it: pieces of burned bone, the cold leftovers of a Folsom meal. Off went the bones to the University of Chicago. There they were reduced to carbon,

which was placed in the Geiger counter. The radiocarbon date came out at 9,883 years, with a possible error of less than 5%.

The complex laboratory equipment necessary for radiocarbon measurement is being set up at other research centers, including Columbia and Yale universities. Radiocarbon dating is slow, costly, difficult. But the results it can bring to science may well become the 20th century's greatest contribution to ancient history.

Wager of Wagers

A young man from New York City, Walter Hastings, was dining in London with Lord Cecil. Talk, that night 100 years ago, turned to the Italian anarchist Orsini, who had chosen death in preference to solitary confinement.

Lord Cecil sided with Orsini. But the New Yorker said that the harassment of solitary confinement was greatly exaggerated.

Finally Lord Cecil offered a £10,000 wager that no man would voluntarily stay in solitary confinement for 10 years. Hastings took the bet.

A cell 12 feet wide and 11 feet long was set up for Hastings in Lord Cecil's town home. Hastings had all the candles, books, and writing material

he needed. He did not lack for food. But he never saw nor had a chance to talk to anyone.

Hastings went into that tiny one-man prison on May 2, 1860, and remained there through May 1, 1870. He had entered his voluntary confinement a youth and emerged an old man. His hair and beard had turned a snowy white. His face had a bleached mummified pallor. He looked almost hollow. He was only 35, but had the appearance of a 65-year-old man. He had won a \$50,000 fortune, but he could do little with it.

The zest for living had gone out of him; he was old and broken before his time. He died only four years later.

Harold Helfer.

"Classless" Society

COMMUNIST Chinese ships that reach Hong Kong do not have the customary three classes common on capitalistic shipping lines. Instead they have eight classes: commissars travel 1st class; missionaries, 8th class.

Novena Notes (28 Dec. '51).



Stepinac Changes Prisons

ALOYSIUS STEPINAC, ARCHBISHOP OF ZAGREB, was sentenced Oct. 11, 1946, to serve 16 years in prison for allegedly collaborating with the nazis during the 2nd World War. These pictures were taken shortly before his release. Here he walks down the steps of the Lepoglava prison administration building. On Dec. 5, 1951, he was released on condition he retire from public life. Still a prisoner, he may not leave the village of Krasic or administer Church affairs.

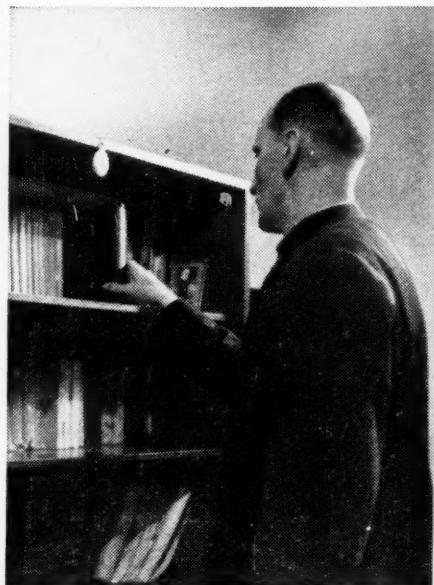


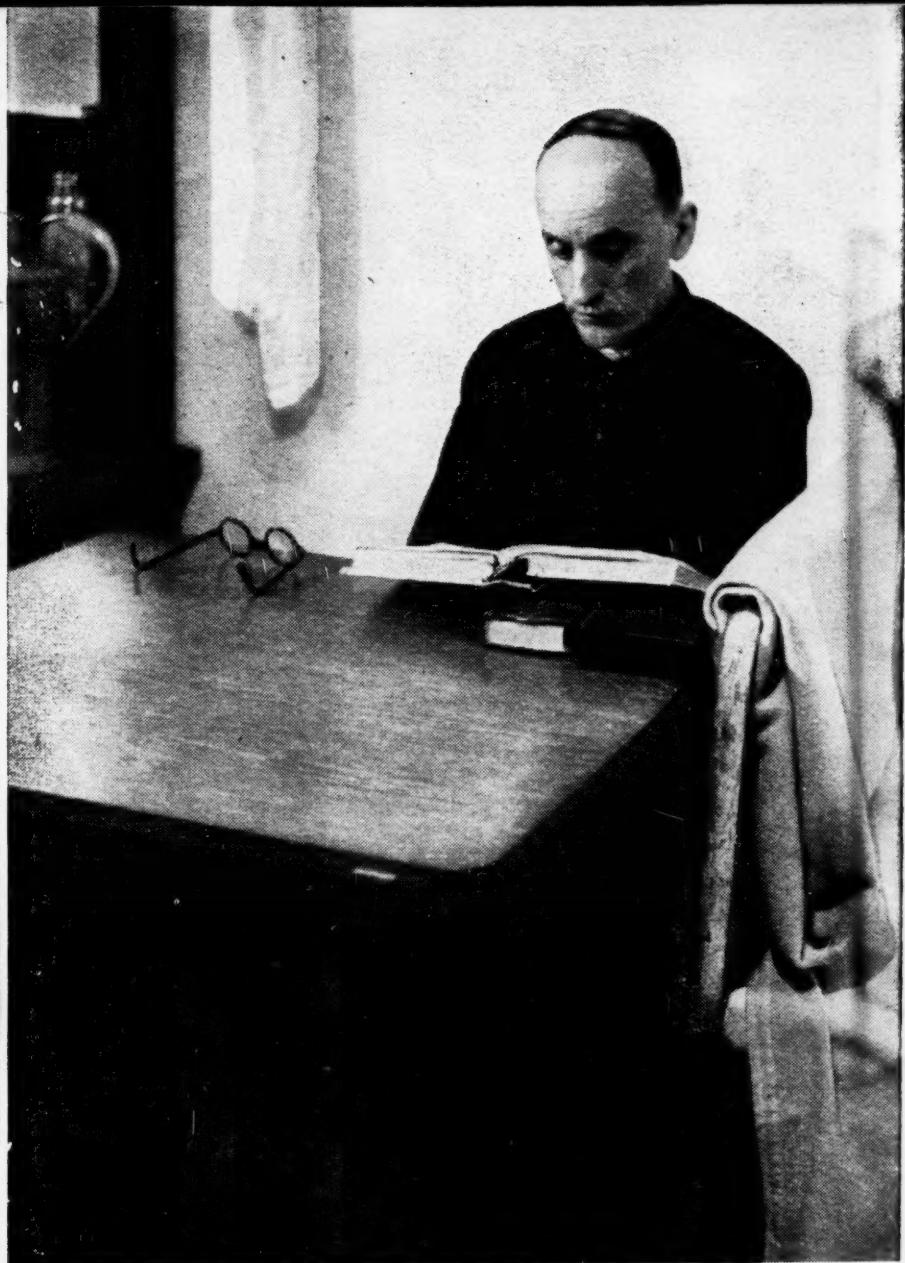
THIS WOODEN ALTAR stands in a chapel next to the archbishop's room. He refused to be photographed here.



STEPINAC SELECTS a book from the shelves in his cell. A pocket watch hangs from the top of the wooden bookcase.

A MIRRORED WASHSTAND, a table, and a metal cot complete the furnishings.





THE PRISONER devotes much of his time to reading and meditation.



Black Star photos by Walter Welebit

THE ARCHBISHOP ignores the rain as he takes an afternoon walk in the garden. A wing of the prison looms in the background.

Stepinac Is Still a Prisoner

*Tito Reds force an archbishop to become a curate
in his own home town*

Condensed from the London *Tablet**

AT DAWN, on Thursday, December 6, 1951, Monsignor Stepinac, Archbishop of Zagreb, offered Mass in the church of the village of Krasic, in which he was born and baptized, and in which his four sisters live with their husbands.

It is in the forest, inaccessible even though only some 16 miles west of Zagreb; a hamlet, rather than a village, with the nearest railway station more than six miles away. The parish includes a number of scattered villages with not more than some 2,500 inhabitants among them.

The Archbishop said after the Mass, "I am personally satisfied, because I am fulfilling my duty. I am carrying out my duty here in this village as I did in prison. I am willing to stay here for the whole of my life."

He lives with the parish priest, and a condition of his re-

lease from prison is that he shall not leave the village without special permission. Nor may he publish pastoral letters or take part in the administration of the Church outside his parish. He may not wear his episcopal regalia in public.

To the reporters who crowded into the sacristy after this first Mass, he said, "He who talks too much cannot remain without sin. For that reason I do not wish to talk too much." Another reason why he does not talk much is that the Yugoslav newspapers do not always, in reporting what he says, give the impression he intended. One newspaper, for instance, emphasized his assurances that he had been well treated in prison, but failed to add that since 1948 no priests had been permitted to visit him. *Tanjug*, the official Yugoslav news agency, quotes him as also adding, "I must say that there were



some difficulties of a psychological nature. I mean the guards. It has an effect on one, you know; but I bear no grudge."

He was indignant about official references to him as "the former Archbishop," declaring, "I am the legitimate Archbishop, and not 'the former Archbishop.' No government can deprive me of my rank. I never sought the office of bishop. If the Holy Father wants it, I am ready to give up my office, but I shall never do so as the result of government pressure."

He spoke with the courage and frankness that have always characterized him, successively under the nazis and under the communists, and then at his trial five years ago. Archbishop Stepinac told reporters, "The major issues standing in the way of an acceptable agreement between Church and state in Yugoslavia are not yet settled. My personal situation is secondary to these fundamental problems.

"There must be an agreement based on honesty and the essential conditions demanded by the Catholic Church. These include Church marriages, religious education in the schools, and a free Catholic press. Church marriage must be defended to the last breath, for it is a sacrament established by God, and man has no right to change it."

Acts of physical violence continue against the Catholic clergy. Monsignor Bruni is still in the hospital as a result of the beating he suffered

Nov. 11. News came in December of the assassination Sept. 21 of Father Oblak, parish priest at Preska, in Slovenia. Father Oblak, a man of 76, was called to his bedroom window at 1 A.M. by shouts outside. Two gunmen caught him in a cross fire. As soon as she heard the shots, the priest's housekeeper hurried to his room. She found the door locked, but with the help of neighbors an entry was forced. The priest was still alive and covered with blood. A neighbor ran for assistance, but before anything more could be done, Father Oblak had died.

The Archbishop is out of prison, but the Bishop of Mostar, Monsignor Peter Cule, is not; nor are the priests and Religious who have been imprisoned by Marshal Tito's regime. There are about 200. "What can be said," *Osservatore Romano* asks, "of the formation of the younger clergy? Or of the seminaries, which are unable to function because their buildings have been requisitioned?" Many Religious Congregations, especially those of women, have been disbanded, and their houses confiscated.

"Of the Catholic press, once so flourishing, one can only say that it exists no more; while the country is flooded with newspapers and periodicals that conduct a systematic campaign of abuse against religion and the Church. Finally, freedom of worship is regulated by detailed dispositions that limit its

exercise and sometimes suffocate it."

Spokesmen for the regime went out of their way to make it clear that the latest gesture means little. The Archbishop's release, they explained, was simply an application of laws found in all countries, by which offenders do not serve their full prison term if they behave well. The Archbishop had earned a remittance of sentence.

But there was no relaxation of attacks on the Catholic Church in general, or on individual priests. Only four days after Archbishop Stepinac went to Krasic, M. Marinov, prime minister in the provincial government of Catholic Slovenia, roundly denounced the Vatican for interfering in the internal affairs of the country.

"High Church dignitaries," he said, had made it clear that they sought, not freedom of religion, but the restoration of their "feudal privileges" and the establishment of a "state within a state." In particular he echoed the communists of the Cominform in Czechoslovakia and Hungary by accusing the Yugoslav hierarchy of persecuting patriotic priests and by complaining that the hierarchy, against the wishes of the lower clergy, had refused the federal government's offer of social insurance for priests. Experience in Cominform countries has shown that such money from the state is withheld if the priest's behavior is not approved.

All last summer the Yugoslav government has been trying to make terms for the Archbishop's liberation; primarily, there can be little doubt, with an eye to prospects of American economic assistance. First was the proposal that the Archbishop should be conducted to the Italian frontier. The Archbishop declined, saying that he did not want to leave his people, or to exchange imprisonment for exile in order to insure his personal comfort.

Then release was offered conditional on his residence in a monastery. This also was unacceptable. But the need for American economic assistance became more and more pressing. Finally, to three American Congressmen, members of a financial mission to Belgrade, Marshal Tito personally gave an assurance on November 24 that release was imminent.

An American commentator remarked, "Tito has already received from the Western Powers, chiefly the U.S., handouts estimated to total more than \$250 million. He is back in the breadline again. All along, his bargaining strength has rested solely in the fact that Stalin, who set him up in the dictator business, no longer has any use for him. But authorities in Washington have gone to some pains to have it known that they did not insist upon the release of Archbishop Stepinac as a condition for the financial aid given to Yugoslavia. They have let

it be said with some emphasis that the help was given 'with no strings attached.'

At the same time, C. L. Sulzberger, the New York *Times* correspondent who forecast the release with great accuracy, even to its "conditional" nature, said that the U.S. is making a number of very definite conditions for any assistance to Spain. Writing from Paris after the meeting there of Dean Acheson and Averell Harriman with Stanton Griffis, American ambassador to Spain, Mr. Sulzberger quoted Mr. Griffis as saying, "that he told Generalissimo Franco this year that the U.S. insisted that the Protestant and Jewish minorities in Spain should have absolute religious freedom of all rites."

The State Department appears to have been eager to make it plain that no such demands were made on Marshal Tito.

In a letter to Drew Pearson, Marshal Tito repeated allegations made at the trial of the Archbishop in 1946, that during the war the Archbishop "caused the forcible conversion of Orthodox people into the Catholic religion." The well-established history is that, exactly to the contrary, the Archbishop strongly resisted attempts of the puppet Croat government of Pavelic to exploit religion as an instrument of its nationalism against the Orthodox Serbs.

In July, 1941, when the Croat government had ordered that all

Serbs living in Croat territory must either emigrate or embrace the Catholic faith, the Archbishop declared in his cathedral, "We call God to witness that we have always been opposed to any compulsory attachment to the Catholic Church. We must declare that the Church has done all in her power to give aid and protection to the Orthodox."

The Archbishop gave strict instructions that every application for reception into the Catholic Church must be examined on its merits according to canon law. Documents are available now to show how a special episcopal commission was set up to deal with the problem arising from the pleas of tens of thousands of Orthodox to be received into the Church, because these unfortunate people hoped thus to save their lives and property.

When the Croat Pavelic government persisted in its attempts to enforce religious conformity, the Archbishop sent it the following solemn warning, in the name of the hierarchy, "The solution of all questions regarding the conversion of dissidents is in the exclusive competence of the hierarchy. Only those could be received into the Church who, without having been subjected to force of any kind, might be converted of their own free will, after having become convinced in their own mind that the Catholic Church is the only true Church."

"All illegal procedures against the personal liberty and against the property rights of dissidents should be rigorously prohibited. Dissidents should suffer no punishment unless it be like that of any other citizens having had a trial in accordance with all legal requirements."

Marshal Tito was good enough to tell Drew Pearson's American newspaper readers that "the past should be forgotten, and that we

should look forward to the future." But it is only too clear that the Marshal has no intention of forgetting his own Cominform past, but clings invincibly to its legends. Yet the people of Yugoslavia also do not forget the past, forget what manner of man is this who says his Mass now in Krasic or what he has done by his example and his leadership for his unfortunate people these 15 years past.



Promise to Kill . . .

MONTHS ago the Central People's government of the Chinese People's republic was accused by anti-communists of agreeing to liquidate one out of every four persons of its 450 million population. This was in accordance with a Mao Tse-tung-Stalin pact signed in Moscow on Feb. 12, 1950. The reason given was that China's economy could not support its present population.

Everett S. Allen in the New Bedford, Mass., *Standard-Times*
(26 June-2 July '51) and the *CATHOLIC DIGEST* (Sept. '51).

. . . Is Kept Indeed

THE French couple had come from Shanghai to Hong Kong. They said that antiforeign frenzy in that once cosmopolitan city was so great that they had always kept handy a "concentration-camp" bundle of belongings to grab in case of sudden arrest.

"The communist mass executions were especially terrible, because you just couldn't get away from them," the Frenchwoman told me, adding, "we could hear trucks thundering by our apartment carrying thousands of the condemned to the Shanghai race track where the executions took place. The proceedings were broadcast from morning to night over loud-speakers placed on every street corner and blaring so hard that you couldn't escape the sound. All day long you could hear mobs yelling, 'Kill, kill.'"

Marguerite Higgins in the *Woman's Home Companion* (Feb. '52).

BOOKS

OF CURRENT INTEREST

BY FRANCIS B. THORNTON

Roman Breviary in English, 4 Vols.,
Edited by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph
A. Nelson, D.D., New York:
Benziger Brothers, Inc., \$8.50 per
vol.

Cardinal Spellman's Prayer Book,
New York: Edward O'Toole
Company, Inc. \$3.25 and up.

We live in a wordy age. In the assemblies of the UN billions of words are poured out each year. It would be a good thing to be able to say that the words work out into much good, but it is the one thing, of course, we cannot say. In the business world the conferences multiply—the progress of business itself is buried under a deluge of language and opinions voiced less for their validity than the compelling desire to say something. In our travels, words follow us everywhere, endless rivers of words. We switch on the radio. Voices sing or speak to us in the car we use for pleasure-driving or for going to work. If we are at home, or if we make a journey on the train—it is the same.

Voices are everywhere. On the most distant reaches of the loneliest beach, above the sad skreak of gulls, the voices of crooners are heard in the land. Science has helped to give the process an assembly-line touch. Millions and millions of black rec-

ords and relays of disc jockeys have made tri-location possible and they have constantly doubled and redoubled the ante. The world of books and publishing is organized in the same fashion: all the volumes of the year are on an assembly line which the publicity man watches with the detachment of a midwife.

Millions of words in new books, but little thought; millions of words in university lecture rooms, but little education; millions of words in the UN, but little action; millions of words in Congress, but fatuity.

We live in a wordy age, but the power of the word is lost in babble. Words are the echo of a sound; words are masks, words are the golden balls deftly thrown by the juggler; words are the tinsel on the tree of life. But words are *nothing* unless they are brought under the power of the *heart*. Yet "ever and anon a trumpet sounds from the hid battlements of eternity."

Such a trumpet voice of the word is found in the prayer book of the Church, sometimes called the Breviary, sometimes called the Divine Office. It is a treasury of the language of the heart. It follows the rhythm of the liturgical seasons—the rhythm of eternity—and it

relives Christ's life year after year in phrases that are like jets of the heart's blood. The psalms of David are the burning frame within which is set the Gospels and the Canticles, the lessons and sermons of Augustine, Jerome and Ambrose, and the lives of the saints—those men and women who are like little mirrors in which the reflected face of Christ can be seen.

Quite frequently in the old Bodleian Library at Oxford I used to see on show a rare collection of medieval Books of Hours. Kings and queens had once fingered them in their chapels and private oratories. On the vellum pages of these books supreme artists had lavished a supreme love. The capitals of the psalms were in fantastic shapes of bright gold and there were miniature colored illuminations: scenes from the life of our Lord set along the borders of the pages. The colors still held their first brilliance. In these miniatures, so it was said, there was summed up the whole early story of western painting before it emerged in the larger outlines of Giotto's frescos. In much the same fashion, and equally unfading, the hours of the Divine Office sum up the history of salvation and the secret of life, for they teach us to look beneath the surfaces of words to the Word.

Organizations that open their meetings with a galloping Hail Mary might buy for their members a copy of the new English

translation of the Divine Office. Schools and colleges could use it to advantage. The common recitation of Compline, the evening prayer of the Church, doesn't take long, but it is a compelling path to a treasury of prayer that is at once a true history of the Church and a taste of the divine life. Above all, the four volumes are the happiest sort of a gift for the great army of shut-ins saved by modern drugs from everything but boredom. Radio, television and microfilmed books have done a great deal in relieving the tedium of a shut-in life.

But they haven't solved the main problem. Those who are crippled need to know that their lives have meaning and value. In living in the midst of a thrilling life of prayer, in following the uplifting rhythms of Christ's eternal life they will be able to measure their true worth and the complete meaning of life. They will also find a new sense of power in being caught up into and being made a part of something far bigger and more intense than the dramas offered on the screen or television.

Cardinal Spellman in his perceptive introduction to the four volumes has given us a delightful meditation on the meaning and purpose of the Divine Office. That His Eminence is well prepared in mind and heart for the task of explaining the Divine Office can be appreciated in the pages of *Cardinal Spellman's*

Prayer Book recently published by Edward O'Toole. This is not just another prayer book. It has prayers that follow all the divisions of the year, in days and months, but they are prayers of great souls who knew the full meaning of love: Augustine, Francis of Assisi, Aquinas, Blessed Pius X, Pius XII —to mention only a few. In the fifth section of the book you will find the Mass for every Sunday

and for special feasts, including the new Mass for the feast of the Assumption.

Though this prayer book is a treasure in itself, it can be purchased in a cloth binding for as low as \$3.25. Its greatest value, however, is the manner in which it prepares the mind and heart for an appreciation of the Divine Office and a return to the simplicity and power of the Word.

BOOKS SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB 147 E. 5TH ST., ST. PAUL 1, MINN.

(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. The Happy Moomins, by Tove Jansson (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50).

Intermediate—9 to 12. The Secret of Barnegat Light, by Frances McGuire (Dutton, \$2.50).

Boys—12 to 16. The Crusade and the Cup, by Elizabeth Bleecker Meigs (Dutton, \$2.50).

Girls—12 to 16. Sue's Circus Horse, by Judith M. Berrixford (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50).

Knowledge Builders. How the World Was Explored, edited by Lancelot Hogben (Lothrop, \$1.50).

Why You Say It

MODERN printing methods have made books so commonplace that it is hard to realize they were once very scarce. In the 16th century, it was not unusual to find an English village which did not possess a single book.

Those who had a few volumes were usually indebted to the Church, first institution to see the value of the printed word. Religious groups began their efforts in this field by printing Bibles and prayer books. Of the latter, the *primer* was perhaps the most influential. First prayer book for use by laymen, it was an English translation of portions of the *Breviary*.

Since it was often the only book in a community, the *primer* was widely used to teach children their letters. Expansion of the printing trade produced rapid development of schoolbooks, but the name of the old prayer book still clings to a child's reader.

Webb B. Garrison.



The price paid in the 16th century by Father Gerard for personal integrity was much the same as that paid by Cardinal Mindszenty in the 20th

Torture in the Tower of London

By JOHN GERARD

Condensed from a book*

DURING the 16th century a Catholic priest in England led a life like that of an active member of the Resistance during the late war. From the moment he set foot in England his life was forfeit. He was hunted like a criminal; his only refuge was some cramped hide-out; he existed in an atmosphere of nerve-racking anxiety,

made endurable only by an abiding faith.

John Gerard, an Englishman, was ordained a priest of the Jesuit Order in 1588. Disguised as a country gentleman, he was sent on the "English Mission" to preach, administer the sacraments, and make converts. For six years he lived a life of constant

*John Gerard, the Autobiography of an Elizabethan. Translated by Philip Caraman, S.J. Copyright, 1952, by Pellegrini & Cudahy, 41 E. 50th St., New York City. 278 pp. \$3.50.

danger, but at last, as he says, "God decreed that my hour had come."

In what must be one of the most remarkable documents of the Elizabethan period, he speaks from the shadows of a past age, more than 350 years ago. This vivid account is from John Gerard's own account of his arrest, experiences in the torture chamber of the Tower of London, and his subsequent escape.

THEY LED me away after my arrest to the Tower of London. There they handed me over to the governor, who had the title of Queen's Lieutenant. At once he took me to a large tall tower, three stories high with lockups in each story.

That night he assigned me a room on the first floor, and handed me over to a warder in whom he had special confidence. The warder then went off and returned with a little straw. He spread the straw on the ground and went away again, shutting the door of my cell and fastening another door above it with a great bar and iron bolts.

On the third day the warder came to my room straight from his dinner. Looking sorry for himself, he said the Lords Commissioners had arrived with the Queen's Attorney General, and that I had to go down to them at once.

"I am ready," I said, "but let me say an Our Father and Hail Mary."

We then went off together to the lieutenant's lodgings inside the

walls of the Tower. Five men were waiting for me, none of whom, except one, had examined me before.

They first asked me my name and my station in life. I gave them the name I was using. Then one of them called out my true name, and said that I was a Jesuit. Realizing at once that my betrayal was complete, I said that I would be quite frank and give straight answers to all questions concerning myself, but added I would say nothing which would involve others. I told them my name and profession, saying I was a Jesuit priest.

"Who sent you over here?" they asked.

"The superiors of the Society."

"Why?"

"To bring back wandering souls to their Maker."

"No, you were sent to seduce people from the queen's allegiance to the Pope's, and to meddle in state business."

"Regarding things of state," I answered, "they are no concern of ours and we are forbidden to have anything to do with them. This prohibition is general to all Jesuits; and there is, besides, a special prohibition included in the instructions given to the Fathers sent on this mission. As to the allegiance due to the queen and the Pope, each has our allegiance and the allegiances do not clash. The history of England and of all other Christian states shows this."

They went on, "How long have

you been active as a priest in this country?"

"About six years."

"How did you land? And where? Whom have you lived with since then?"

I answered that I could not reply to those questions with a good conscience, particularly the last one. "It would involve others," I pointed out, "so I pray you will excuse me for not doing as you wish."

However, they urged that it was precisely on these points that they wanted to satisfy themselves, and they ordered me to answer in the queen's name.

I answered, "I honor the queen, and I will obey her and you in all that is lawful. But on this point you must hold me excused. If I name any person who has harbored me or mention any house where I have found shelter, innocent people will suffer for the kindness they have done me. Such is your law, but for my part I would be acting against charity and justice, which you will never persuade me to do."

Then they asked me about the letters I had recently received from our Fathers abroad; and I realized for the first time why I had been removed to the Tower. I answered, "If I have ever received any letters from abroad at any time, they have had nothing to do with politics. They were concerned merely with the financial assistance of Catholics living on the Continent."

"Didn't you receive a packet a

short time ago," said William Wade, the governor of the Tower, "and hand it over to so and so to give to Henry Garnet?"

"If I have received any such packet and forwarded it, I did what I was bound to do. But, I repeat, the only letters I have received or forwarded are those, as I have said, dealing with the dispatch of money to Religious and students on the Continent."

"Very well," they said, "then tell us the name of the man you gave the letters to, and where he lives."

"I don't know, and, even if I did, I could not and would not tell you," and I gave them the usual reasons for this answer.

"You say," said the attorney general, "you have no wish to obstruct the government. Tell us, then, where Father Garnet is. He is an enemy of the state, and you are bound to report on all such men."

"He isn't an enemy of the state," I said. "On the contrary, I am certain that if he were given the opportunity to lay down his life for his queen and country, he would be glad of it. But I don't know where he lives, and if I did, I would not tell you."

"Then we'll see to it that you tell us before we leave this place."

Then they produced a warrant for putting me to torture. They had it ready by them and handed it to me to read. (In this prison a special warrant is required for torture.)

I saw that the warrant was prop-

erly made out and signed, and then I answered, "With God's help I shall never do anything that is unjust or act against my conscience or the Catholic faith. You have me in your power. You can do with me what God allows you to do; more you cannot do."

Then they began to implore me not to force them to take steps they were loath to take. They said they would have to put me to the torture every day, as long as my life lasted, until I gave them the information they wanted.

"I trust in God's goodness," I answered, "that He will prevent me from ever committing a sin such as this: the sin of accusing innocent

people. We are all in God's hands, and, therefore, I have no fear of anything you can do to me."

We went to the torture room in a kind of solemn procession, the attendants walking ahead with lighted candles.

The chamber was underground and dark, particularly near the entrance. It was a vast place, and every device and instrument of human torture was there. They pointed out some of them to me and said that I would try them all. Then they asked me again whether I would confess.

"I cannot," I said.

I fell on my knees for a moment's prayer. Then they took me to a big upright pillar, one of the wooden posts which held up the roof of this huge underground chamber. Driven into the top of it were iron staples for supporting heavy weights. They put my wrists into iron gauntlets, and ordered me to climb two or three wicker steps. My arms were then lifted up and an iron bar was passed through the rings of one gauntlet, then through the staple and rings of the second gauntlet. This done, they fastened the bar with a pin to prevent it slipping, and then, removing the wicker steps one by one from under my feet, they left me hanging by my hands and arms fastened above my head. The tips of my toes, however, still touched the ground, and they had to dig away the earth from under them.



"The next morning men burst in."

I began to pray. The gentlemen standing around asked me whether I was willing to confess now.

"I cannot, and I will not," I answered.

But I could hardly utter the words, such a gripping pain came over me. It was worst in my chest and belly, my hands and arms. All the blood in my body seemed to rush up into my arms and hands and I thought that blood was oozing out from the ends of my fingers and the pores of my skin. But it was only a sensation caused by my flesh swelling above the irons holding them. The pain was so intense that I thought I could not possibly endure it, and added to it, I had an interior temptation. Yet I did not feel any inclination or wish to give them the information they wanted.

The Lord saw my weakness with the eyes of His mercy, and did not permit me to be tempted beyond my strength. With the temptation He sent me relief. Seeing my agony and the struggle going on in my mind, He gave me this most merciful thought, "The utmost and worst they can do to you is to kill you, and you have often wanted to give your life for your Lord. The Lord God sees all you are enduring; He can do all things. You are in God's keeping." With these thoughts, God in His infinite goodness gave me the grace of resignation, and, with a desire to die and a hope (I admit) that I would, I offered Him myself

to do with me as He wished. From that moment the conflict in my soul ceased, and even the physical pain seemed much more bearable than before.

When the gentlemen present saw that I was not answering their questions, they went off to the lieutenant's house, and stayed there. Every now and again they sent to find out how things were going with me.

Three or four robust men remained behind to watch and supervise the torture. My warden also stayed, I think, out of kindness, for every few minutes he took a cloth and wiped the perspiration that ran in drops continuously down my face and body. That helped me a little, but he added to my sufferings when he started to talk. He went on and on, begging and imploring me to pity myself and tell the gentlemen what they wanted to know. And he urged so many human reasons for this that I thought that the devil had instigated him to feign this affection, or that my torturers had left him behind on purpose to trick me. But I felt all those suggestions of the enemy like blows in the distance; they did not seem to touch my soul or affect me in any way.

More than once I interrupted him, "Stop this talk, for heaven's sake. Do you think I'm going to throw my soul away to save my life? You exasperate me."

But he went on. And several times the others joined in.

"You will be a cripple all your life, if you live. And you are going to be tortured every day until you confess."

But I prayed in a low voice as well as I could, calling on the names of Jesus and Mary.

Sometime after 1 o'clock, I think, I fell into a faint. How long I was unconscious I don't know, but I don't think it was long, for the men held my body up and put the wicker steps under my feet until I came to. When they heard me pray, they immediately let me down again. And they did this every time I fainted, eight or nine times a day, before it struck 5.

After 4 or before 5 o'clock, Wade returned. Coming to me, he asked, "Are you ready now to obey the queen and her Council?"

I answered, "You want me to do what is sinful. I will not do it."

"All you have to say," said Wade, "is that you wish to speak to Cecil, Her Majesty's secretary."

"I have nothing to say to him," I said, "except what I have said to you already. If I asked to speak to him, people would be scandalized. They would think I had given way, that at last I was going to say something that I should not say."

In a rage, he suddenly turned his back on me and strode out of the room, shouting angrily in a loud voice, "Then hang there until you rot off the pillar."

He left. And I think all the commissioners left the Tower then, for



"The pain was intense."

at 5 o'clock the Tower bell is rung, a signal for all to leave unless they wish to have the gates locked on them. A little later they took me down. My legs and feet were not damaged, but it was a great effort to stand.

They led me back to my cell. On the way, we met some prisoners who had the run of the Tower, and I turned to speak to my warder, intending them to overhear.

"What surprises me," I said, "is that the commissioners want me to say where Father Garnet's house is. Don't they know it's a sin to betray

an innocent man? I will never do it, even if I have to die."

I said this to prevent them spreading a report, as they so often do, that I had confessed something. And I also wanted word to get round through those men that it was chiefly concerning Father Garnet that I had been questioned. That way, he might get to hear and look to his own safety. I saw that the warder was not pleased at my talking in their hearing.

When I reached my cell the man seemed really sorry for me. He laid a fire and brought me some food, as it was now nearly suppertime. But I could eat only a little; and I lay down on my bed and rested quietly until the morning.

In the morning after the gates of the Tower were opened, my warder came up to say that Wade had arrived and that I had to go down and see him. I put on a cloak with wide sleeves (I could not get my swollen hands through the sleeves of my own gown) and I went down.

"I have been sent here in the name of the queen and her secretary, Cecil. They say they know for certain that Garnet meddles in politics and is a danger to the state. And this the queen asserts on the word of a sovereign and Cecil on his honor. Unless you choose to contradict them both, you must agree to hand him over."

"They cannot be speaking from experience," I answered, "or from

any reliable information; they don't know the man. I have lived with him and know him well, and I can say for certain that he is not that kind of man."

"Come," said Wade, "why not admit the truth and answer our questions?"

"I cannot," I said, "and I will not."

"It would be better for you if you did." Saying this, he called out to a gentleman waiting in the next room. He was a well-built man whom Wade called "Master of Torture." I knew such an officer existed, but I found out later that this was not the man. He was Master of the Artillery. Wade gave him this title to terrorize me.

"By order of the queen and Council," he addressed this gentleman, "I hand this man over to you. You are to torture him twice today and twice every day until he confesses."

The man took charge of me. Wade left. In the same way as before we went to the torture chamber.

The gauntlets were placed on the same part of my arms as last time. They would not fit anywhere else, because the flesh on either side had swollen into small mounds, leaving a furrow between; and the gauntlets could only be fastened in the furrow. I felt a very sharp pain when they were put on.

But God helped me, and I gladly offered Him my hands and my heart. I was hung up in the same

way as before; now I felt a much severer pain in my hands but less in my chest and belly. Possibly this was because I had eaten nothing that morning.

I stayed like this, and began to pray, sometimes aloud, sometimes to myself, and I put myself in the keeping of Jesus and His Mother. This time it was longer before I fainted, but, when I did, they found it so difficult to bring me round that they thought that I was dead, or certainly dying, and summoned the lieutenant. I don't know how long he was there or how long I remained in a faint. But when I came to myself, I was no longer hanging, but sitting on a bench with men supporting me on either side. There were many people about, and my teeth had been forced open with a nail or some iron instrument, and hot water had been poured down my throat.

When the lieutenant saw that I could speak, he said, "Can't you see how much better for you it would be if you submitted to the queen, instead of dying like this?"

God helped me, and I was able to put more spirit into my answer than I had felt up to now.

"I would prefer to die a thousand times rather than do as they suggest," I said.

"Very well, then, we must hang you up again now, and a second time after dinner."

He spoke as though he were sorry to have to carry out orders.



"He pulled me over to safety."

I said, "I have only one life, but if I had several I would sacrifice them all for the same cause."

I struggled to my feet, and tried to walk over to the pillar, but I had to be helped. I was very weak now, and if I had any spirit left in me it was given by God.

I was hung up again. The pain was intense now, but I felt great consolation of soul, which seemed to me to come from a desire of death.

Whether it arose from a true love of suffering for Christ, or from a selfish longing to be with Christ, God knows best. But I thought then that I was going to die. And

my heart filled with great gladness as I abandoned myself to His will and keeping, and scorned the will of men.

Perhaps the governor of the Tower realized he would gain nothing by torturing me any longer; perhaps it was his dinner hour or maybe he was moved with genuine pity for me; whatever the reason, he ordered me to be taken down. It seemed that I had been hanging only an hour in this second period today.

My warden brought me back to my room. His eyes seemed swollen with tears. He assured me that his wife, whom I had never seen, had wept and prayed for me all the time.

He brought me some food. I could eat little, and the little I did eat he had to cut into small pieces. For many days after I could not hold a knife in my hands. That day I could not even move my fingers or help myself in the smallest way. He had to do everything for me.

For the next six months I remained a prisoner in the Tower. All that time I had no thought of escape, but one day it struck me how close my tower was to the moat encircling the outer fortifications, and I thought it might be possible for a man to lower himself with a rope from the roof of the Tower to the wall beyond the moat. I asked a prisoner friend what he felt about it.

"Yes, it could be done easily," he

said, "if we only had some really good friends who were ready to run the risk of helping us."

"We have the friends all right," I said.

"As far as I am concerned," he said, "I am all for attempting it. I would be much happier if I could live in hiding with my friends, and with the consolation of the sacraments."

"Good," I said. "Now we'll pray about it, and meanwhile I'll put the matter to my superior and do whatever he thinks best."

For the rest of the time we were together we discussed the details of the plan we would follow, if we decided on the attempt.

When I got back to my cell that night I wrote to my superior through John Lillie, and laid all the details of the scheme before him. Father Garnet replied that I certainly ought to attempt it, but I was not to risk my neck in the descent.

I then wrote to my former host and told him that we were going to attempt an escape, and warned him to mention it to as few people as possible. If the plan got out, it would be all over. Then I asked John Lillie and Richard Fulwood (he was attending Father Garnet at the time) whether they were prepared to take the risk, and, if they were, to come on a certain night to the far side of the moat, opposite the squat tower I had described. They were to bring a rope with them and tie it to a stake; we would

be on the roof of the Tower and throw them an iron ball attached to a stout thread, the kind used in stitching up bales. They must listen in the darkness for the sound of the ball touching the ground, find the cord, and tie it to the free end of the rope. This done, we would draw up the rope by pulling the other end of the cord. I told them to pin a piece of white paper or a handkerchief on the front of their jackets, for we wanted to be sure of their identity before throwing the cord. Also, they were to bring a rowing boat so that we could make a quick getaway.

I begged the earnest prayers of all who were let into the secret. One gentleman, the heir of a large estate, bound himself by vow to fast one day in the week for life, if I got away.

The night came. I begged and bribed my warden to let me visit my fellow prisoner. The warden locked the pair of us in the cell, barred the door as he always did, and went off. But he had also bolted the inside door to the stairs leading up to the roof. We had to cut with a knife the stone holding the socket of the bolt. There was no other way out.

At last we climbed silently up the stairs without a light, for a guard was posted every night in a garden at the foot of the wall. When we spoke, it was in a faint whisper.

Our escape boat pulled in safely

to the bank. One man stayed in the boat. The other two got out with the rope. Following my instructions, they fastened it to a stake, and then listened for the sound of the iron ball we threw down to them. They found it without difficulty, and fastened the cord to the end of the rope. But it proved difficult indeed to pull up because it was thick and doubled. This was Father Garnet's instruction, to guard against the rope snapping under the weight of my body. But actually he had increased the hazards.

Now a fresh difficulty arose which we had not foreseen. The distance between the Tower at one end and the stake at the other was very great. The rope, instead of sloping down, stretched almost horizontally between the two points. We had, therefore, to descend by working our way along the rope. It was impossible to slide down with our own weight. This we discovered by making up a bundle of books and other things which we wrapped in my cloak and placed on the double rope to see whether it would go down of its own accord. It didn't. Fortunately, it stuck before it got out of our reach, for, if it had gone beyond recovery, we would never have got down ourselves. We hauled the bundle back and left it behind.

My companion, who had always said it would be simple to slide down, now saw the hazards of it.

"But I shall certainly be hanged if I remain here," he said. "If we throw the rope back now it will fall into the moat, and the splash will betray us and our friends as well. I'll go down, and God help me. I'd rather take this chance of escape than stay locked up here with no chance at all."

So he said a prayer, and took hold of the rope. He got down fairly easily, for he had plenty of strength and the rope was still taut. But his descent slackened the rope and made it more difficult for me. I only noticed this when I started to descend.

I commended myself to God, Jesus, the Blessed Virgin, my guardian angel, and especially to Father Southwell, who was imprisoned near here until he was taken out to martyrdom; and to Father Walpole and to all our martyrs. Then I gripped the rope with my right hand, and took it in my left. To prevent myself falling, I twisted my legs round the rope, leaving it free to slide between my shins.

I had gone three or four yards face downwards when suddenly my body swung round with its own weight and I nearly fell. I was still very weak, and with the slack rope and my body hanging underneath I could make practically no progress.

At last, I managed to work myself as far as the middle of the rope, and there I stuck. My strength was failing, and my breath, which

was short before I started, seemed altogether spent.

At last, with the help of the saints and, I think, by the power of my friends' prayers below drawing at me, I moved along a little way. Then I stuck again. Now I thought I would never be able to get down. But I was determined not to fall into the moat as long as I was still able to hold the rope. I tried to recover a little strength, and then, using my legs and arms as well as I could, I managed, thank God, to get as far as the wall on the far side of the moat. But my feet just touched the top of the wall and the rest of my body hung horizontally behind, with my head no higher than my legs. The rope had become that slack.

I don't know how I could have got over the wall, if it had not been for John Lillie. Somehow or other (he could never say how he did it), he got up on the wall, seized hold of my feet, pulled me over, and put me safely down on the ground.

I could not stand upright, I was so weak. So they gave me cordial waters and restoratives which they had taken care to bring with them, and I was able to reach the boat. Before getting in, they untied the rope from the stake, cut off part of it, and let the rest hang down against the wall of the Tower. Our first plan had been to pull it away altogether, and we had accordingly passed it round a big gun on the roof without knotting it. But provi-

dentially we could not tug it loose; had we done so it would almost certainly have dropped into the moat with a big splash, and we would have been in trouble.

We stepped into the boat and thanked God "who had snatched us from the hands of our persecutors." We also thanked the men who had done so much and undergone such risks for us.

We rowed a good distance before we brought the boat to land. Then I sent my fellow prisoner with John Lillie to my house, while I took

Richard Fulwood and went with him to Father Garnet's house. It was on the outskirts of the city, and horses were ready for us. Little John,* Father Garnet's servant, was holding them, and before dawn broke Little John and I were in the saddle.

Father Garnet was in the country at the time. We rode straight to his place and had dinner with him. The rejoicing was great. We all thanked God that I had escaped from the hands of my enemies.

*Nicholas Owen. See CATHOLIC DIGEST, July, 1951, p. 40.



Flights of Fancy

Bright parentheses of an infant's outstretched arms.—*Daniel A. Lord, S.J.*

The best gifts are always tied with heartstrings.—*Oregon Journal.*

Children rebelling against ultimatums.—*Louise Anderson.*

At his wife's peck and call.—*Richard Hart.*

Boy at the disdameful age.—*Marceline Cox.*

Talked with a faraway fish in his lies.—*M. C. Dorsey.*

Hush money: baby sitter's fee.—*Evening Echo.*

Rain shellacking autumn leaves to the highway.—*M. J. Moran.*

Islands linked to each other by scarves of mist.—*Robert Gibbings.*

The secret was hushed about from place to place.—*L. K. Hogan.*

Boy using soap as if it came out of his allowance.—*M. Cox.*

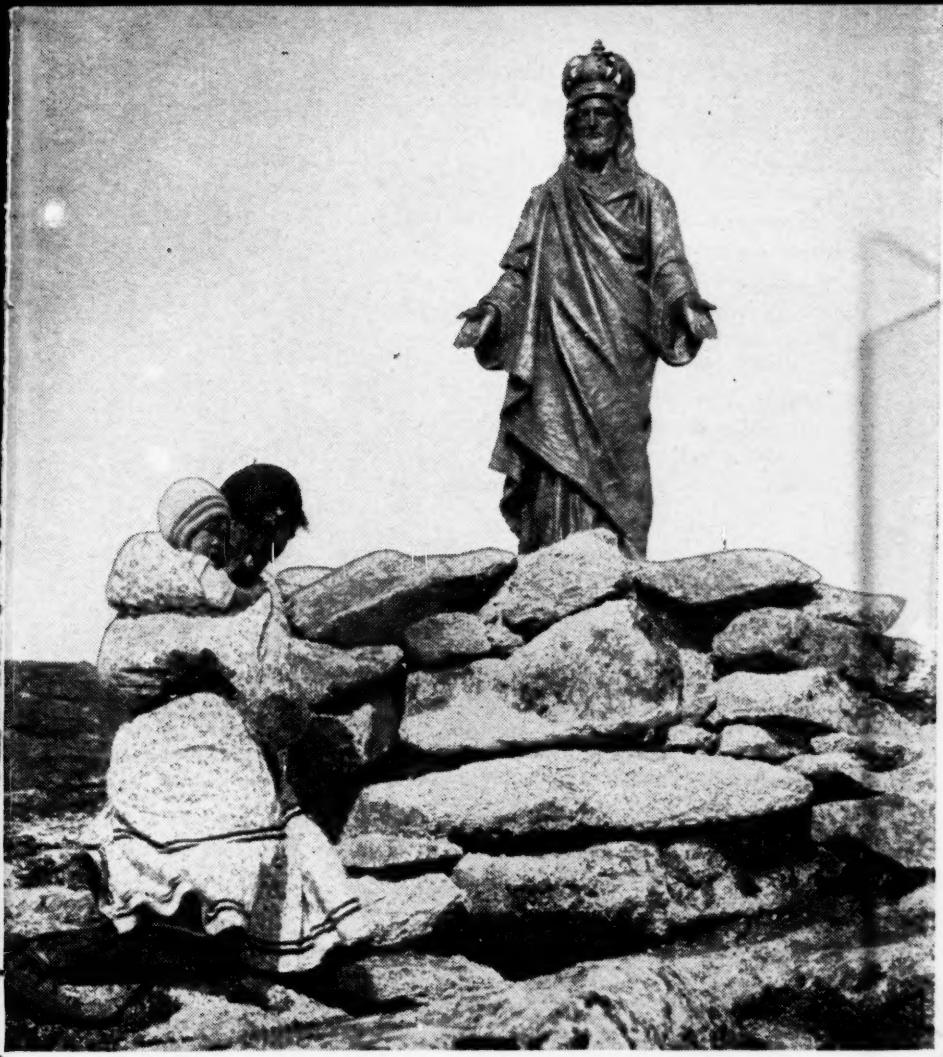
Inflation: drop in the buck.—*Atlanta Journal.*

Neurotic: one who believes the world owes him a loving.—*Morris Bender.*

The parrot turned his head this way and that, as if one eye had seen what the other had reason to doubt. —*Stark Young.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry that it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]





AN ESKIMO mother and child pray before the figure of Christ the King.

The Christ of the Bering Sea

*Time and space meet where the bronze figure of
Christ the King watches the world.*

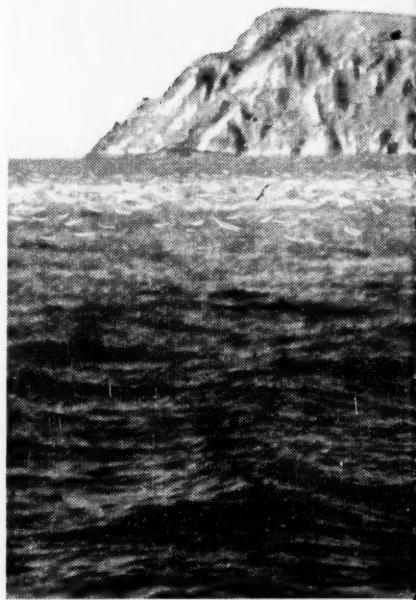
N THE feast of Christ the King in 1937 an important historical event occurred on a small rock island in the North Bering sea between Siberia and Alaska.

Here atop King Island a bronze life-size statue of Christ the King was solemnly blessed in the presence of the island population, and the entire Eskimo race was consecrated to Christ the King.

Some 5,000 Eskimos are scattered in settlements along the Bering sea and the Arctic ocean coast. Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., Alaskan explorer, traveled 2,000 miles in the open sea with nine King Island Eskimos in a primitive walrus-skin



FATHER LaFortune breaks ground on King Island for the base of the bronze statue.

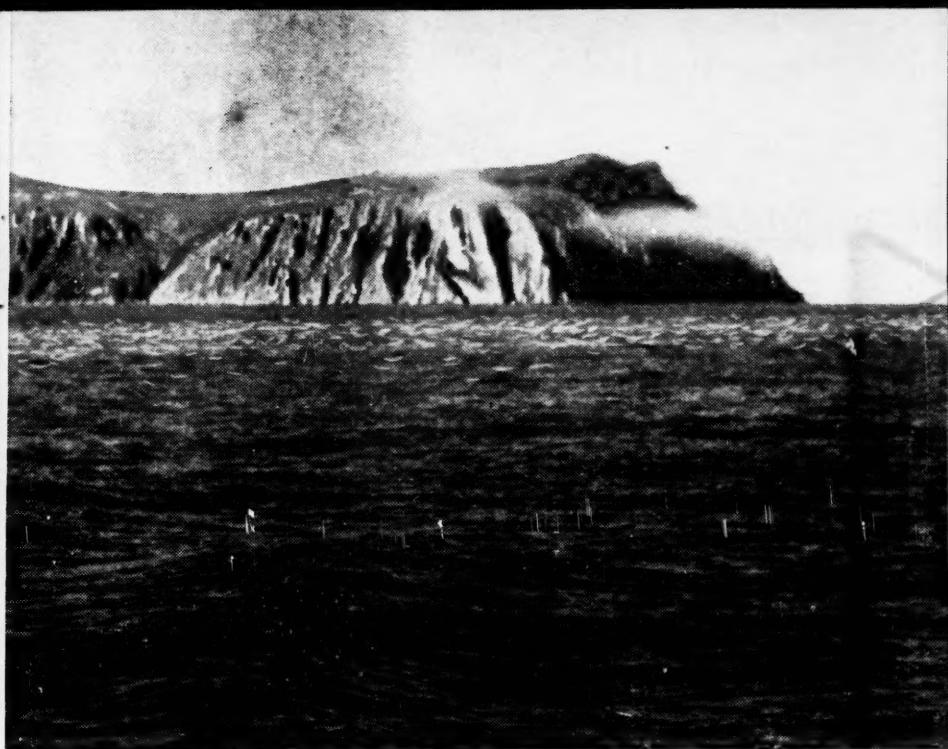


KING ISLAND'S crags rise from the icy

boat which natives call an umiak.

They visited every Eskimo settlement between Nome and Barter Island, to help prove scientifically through the use of recordings that all Eskimos speak a common language.

A startling feature of this trip was that Father Hubbard found not one Eskimo living more than 10 miles inland. The natives have found that the interior of Alaska is too much of a death trap even for them. In an area three times the size of Korea, there is not a pound of food to be found.



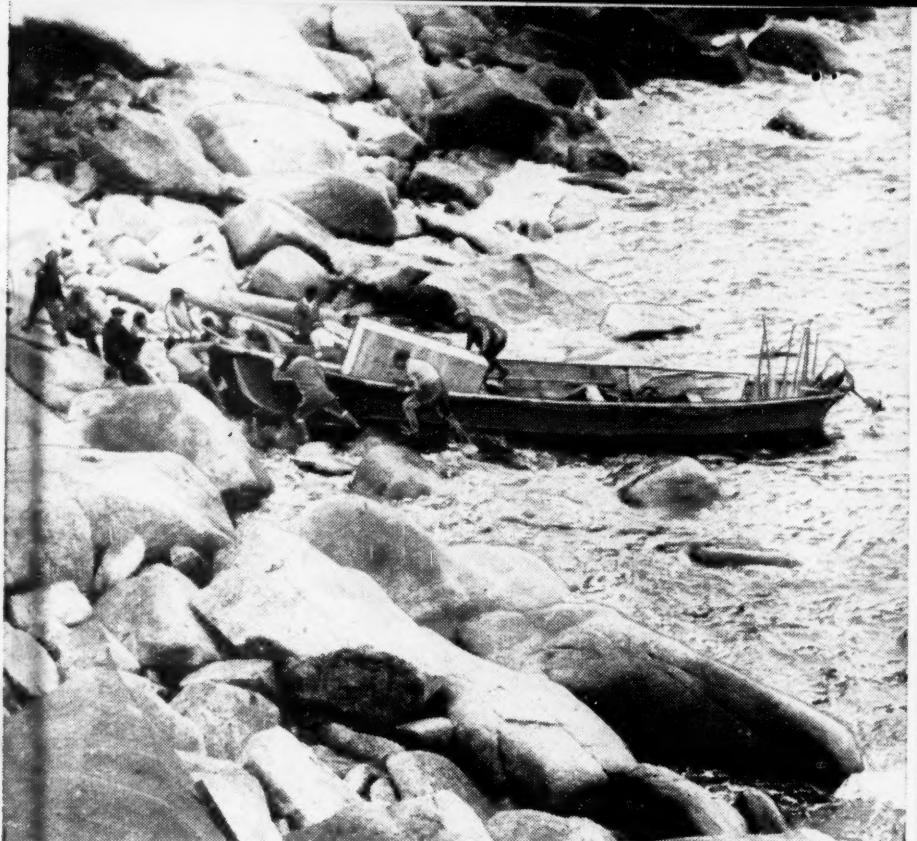
waters of the Bering Sea near the International date line, within sight of both Siberia and Alaska.

The ceremony conducted in 1937 on King Island brought to reality a plan conceived by a Canadian missionary at the turn of the century. Some 50 years ago Father Bellarmine LaFortune, S.J., well-known Canadian astronomer, forsook academic honors, and dedicated himself as a missionary to the Eskimos.

When he arrived at Nome to begin his missionary work he met the King Islanders. These hardy Eskimos were accustomed to braving the icy waters of the North Bering sea in umiaks to cross the 90

miles of open water separating their island from the mainland.

They came to Nome to get work in the thriving mining town. This was their first major contact with the white man's civilization. Some of the white men have taken advantage of the Eskimos through liquor. Eskimo villages differ regarding the sale of liquor in Alaska and adjacent territory. It is not sold on King Island, where the Office of Indian Affairs runs the store. When Father LaFortune met the King Islanders, they were all still pagans.



ESKIMOS and Father Hubbard's crew help beach the umiak carrying the crated statue.

From that moment he dedicated his entire life to this Eskimo group. During the more than 40 years of his toil in this mission field he never went more than 100 miles from the place where he first landed in Alaska. The entire tribe was Catholic when Father LaFortune died.

Although the island had been named for the King of England by one of the earlier explorers, the Eskimos themselves, whose land it

was, retained the name King Island; but in their own language they always called it Christ the King Island.

Father LaFortune had always wanted a statue of Christ the King for his little mission, and mentioned this to Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., Alaskan explorer. During a visit to Boston, Father Hubbard passed on the idea to Miss Hilda T. Gavin, who offered to buy a statue for the King Island mission.



ROPES are used in dragging the heavy crate to the plateau of the island.

In New York City a suitable model was found, the work of the late John S. Kitson, whose widow had his masterpiece, Christ, the Prince of Peace, still in the sculptor's clay (the original model shaped by Kitson). It had never been cast in metal. With Mrs. Kitson's permission, and at the expense of Miss Gavin, a metal casting was made, and the statue was crated and shipped from New York City.

When the statue reached the

West Coast the Coast Guard Bering Sea patrol took the statue to its distant resting place on King Island. Commercial freighters do not visit King Island.

Since there were no docking facilities on King Island and the surf was pounding the rocky cliffs, moving the 2,000-pound statue ashore was a feat in itself. With crane and winch Father Hubbard's crew lowered the crated statue into a large umiak, and the Eskimos carefully



THE CHRIST of the Bering sea.

piloted the precious cargo ashore.

Hoisting it up an almost sheer 1,000-foot cliff was another problem. Giant Ed Levin of Father Hubbard's party engineered this feat; and, with the entire male population of the island tugging on long ropes, straining and pushing, the statue was finally lifted to the top of the island.

In the rest of the world there are many statues of Christ as a symbol of peace. The Christ of the Andes is particularly famous; but here we have a symbol of peace, not between two countries, but between two continents.

L'Osservatore Romano, semi-official voice of the Vatican, de-

Father Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J., has spent the last 25 of his 63 years exploring the unknown areas of Alaska and other polar regions. A professor of geology at Santa Clara university, his first opportunity to visit Alaska came in 1926; and he has made many exploration trips there since that time. He finances his expeditions through lectures, books, articles, and color travel films. These are some of his photographs.

scribed the figure; and visitors to the Vatican now are shown in the collection of gifts made to Pope Pius XII a small seven-inch ivory statue of Christ the King. An Eskimo carver fashioned it from the tip of a walrus tusk, and gave it to Father Hubbard to present to His Holiness.

A private audience with the Holy Father was granted the Alaskan explorer July 29, 1945, Father Hub-



GRACEFUL hands, modeled from the hands

bard's ordination anniversary. During the audience, he gave the Pope the ivory statue, and was granted the rare privilege of posing for a photograph with the Holy Father.

The graceful hands of the King Island statue, which extend in gracious supplication to mankind, were modeled from the hands of the late William Cardinal O'Connell.

From the rocky prominence at the top of King Island cliff the statue is within sight of both Siberia and Alaska. So Father Hubbard ordered that a royal Oriental crown be placed on the head of the statue. Facing south, the statue looks benevolently down upon the



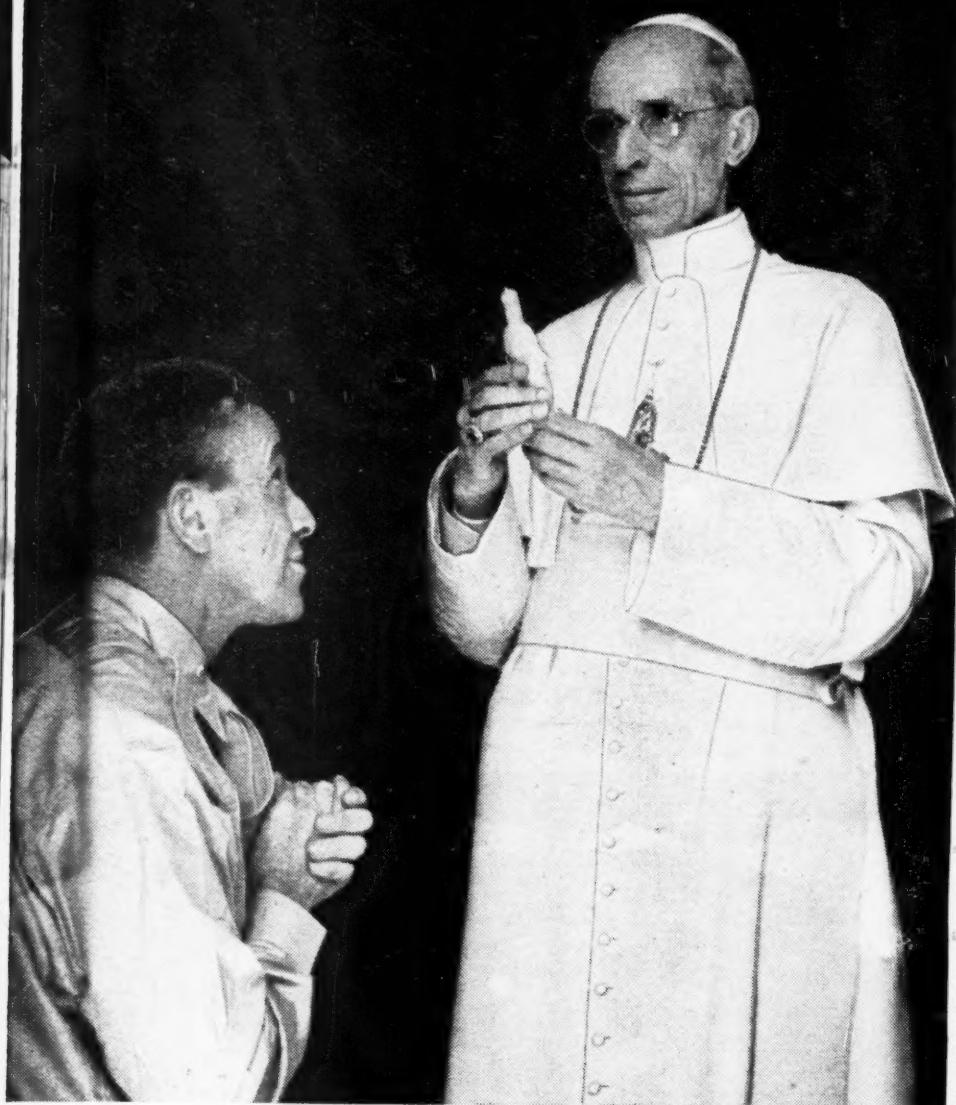
FATHER HUBBARD (at right) and Ed Levin pause during their winter work on the plateau of King Island.

one Eskimo village of the island.

Between two continents, the statue also stands near the northern base of the International Date Line, where one day blends into the next. Thus time and space meet where the bronze figure of Christ the King watches the world.



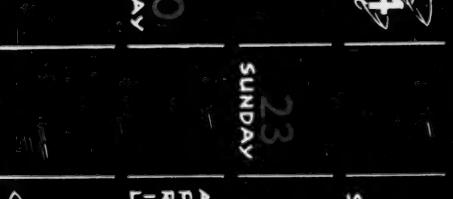
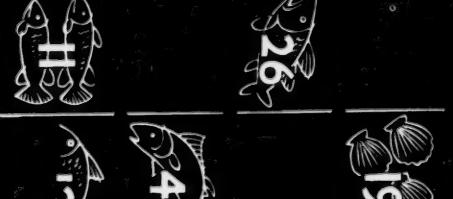
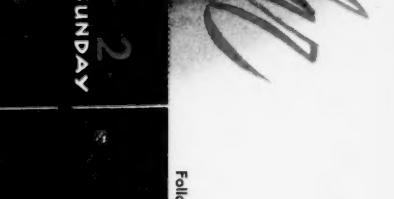
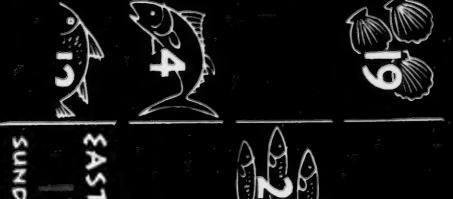
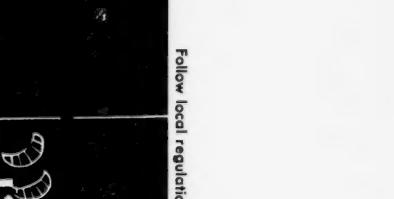
of the late William Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, are extended in supplication to the world.



PIUS XII grants Father Hubbard a special blessing for the tribe of Catholic Eskimos.



Entertainment

SUNDAY 30		
SUNDAY 23		
SUNDAY 16		
SUNDAY 9		
SUNDAY 2		
EASTER 13		
SUNDAY 6		

Follow local regulations for Wednesdays

AM 27
WEDNESDAY

SUNDAY
2

SUNDAY
1

AM 27
WEDNESDAY

AM 27
WEDNESDAY